Yankee Doings

Vol. VIII Boston, Mass. July-August, 1927 No. 7

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

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YANKEE DOINGS

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YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

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EXCHANGE OF GREETINGS

On the occasion of the Annual Reunion of the Second Division at Washington on June 2, the following telegram was sent by President KEVILLE, of the Yankee Division Veterans Association:

Colonel Hanford MacNider,
President, Second Division Veterans Association
Washington, D. C.

The Yankee Division Veterans Association extend cordial greetings to the Second Division Veterans Association. Best wishes for a most successful reunion.

Colonel WILLIAM J. KEVILLE, *President*

The following telegram was received in reply:

Colonel William J. Keville,
10 State Street, Boston, Mass.

The Second Division Association appreciates good wishes of Yankee Division Veterans and wishes you all success through the coming years in upholding the splendid traditions of the Twenty-Sixth.

HANFORD MACNIDER, *President*
Second Division Veterans Association

SEE THE BACK COVER

LINDBERGH

By Joseph Smith

Out of the valiant West, straight as the shaft from the bow,
Swift through the wintry blast, chilled by the sleet and snow,
Racing into the East, through darkness and bitter night,
Ever onward, riding the storm, seeking the land and light;
Braving the chartless spaces that lay 'twixt seas and skies,
Speeding, flying undaunted, on to his high emprise.
And a new crusader called out of the skies, a-wing
To the old crusader, waiting, Louis the saint and king;
Bearing the Great West's greeting, the new to the old Romance,
The soul of the New World hailing the soul of ancient France.

Write his name in the annals, write it in flame and gold,
Blaze it across the conquered skies, let the brave tale be told
That out of the best and bravest of all the tribes of earth,
Bred in the mortar of toil and test, has come a nation's birth,
With a soul, free, strong, audacious, to mock tradition's bars,
To quest the uttermost spaces and break his bread with the stars;
Son of the new land—Lindbergh—herald and hero of peace,
Only when men forget great deeds the fame of your deed shall cease.
Modest, untrumpeted, fearless, he rode forth with faith in his eyes,
And lo, the world acclaims him the Paladin of the Skies.

THE BOSTON MEMORIAL*

By William McGinnis

(*This article expresses the personal views of the author, not the official views of his organization.*)

A utilitarian memorial—no. A young man flew across the Atlantic ocean recently, and brings back a message of good-will from the French people. A number of people of the United States, tourists, reared and educated in the atmosphere of Main street, have gone to France since the war and brought home stories of ill treatment by the French people. Why not let Boston lead the country in carrying out some of the spirit seen by Lindbergh, and reciprocate the feeling of good-will shown here? Let us be the first to show that the friendship and ties cemented on the bloody battlefields of France mean something?

A monument depicting the Poilu of France and the American Doughboy, standing together as they did during the war in a war atmosphere, comrades in arms—such a memorial would cost little money and would do more for international amity and good-will than any other kind of a memorial. It would attract thousands of visitors. It would keep alive the spirit and sacrifices, and would in effect rather than in theory call to mind those of our dead buried in the soil of France. It should be vigorous and should tell its story plainly, so that Mr. Average Man of the street can look at this memorial and instantly recognize what it commemorates.

*Reprinted from the *Boston Traveler*.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

A discharge, a red chevron, sixty bucks and a heartfelt sigh of relief. With such appropriate ceremony our long-suffering Uncle released from captivity as bumptious a crop of pop-eyed Bolshevists as ever yodelled a soldier's farewell.

* * * *

Leaving the aforementioned Uncle to salvage what little remained in his Q. M. warehouses, they set forth with four unconquerable desires burning fiercely in each breast. To don a suit of civies, to eat a home-made apple pie, to buy an alarm clock to thumb their noses at, and to meet a shavetail expecting a salute.

* * * *

Razzing the luckless home guard was adopted as a national pastime, with no closed season. They had licked the whole world and were all set to receive the full credit—or to repeat the process.

* * * *

Banquets and jubilees were arranged by the proud citizens of Main Street. Aunt Nellie and Sister Susie laid offerings of triple-decked cakes and square miles of fudge at the feet of young Sir Galahad. Each town hall and armory was scheduled to be the scene of a local love-fest, abounding with sweetness and light. Prominent citizens gladly answered the call to man the pumps of dripping sentimentality. God bless 'em all. They meant every bit of it. But young Sir Galahad was an unmitigated young savage. His sentiments were still those of trench and billet. Each of these festivities resembled every other—the village cafe on the evening of pay day. The rush for first place in the mess line had its counterpart in the jump for first grab at the cake plate. Mess kit etiquette prevailed and pup tent courtesy submerged all attempts at tailor-made patriotic utterance.

* * * *

An outfit reunion in those early days meant doubling the insurance on the furniture, providing a shell-proof dugout for top-sergeants, and a Red Cross detail to pick up the casualties. An after-dinner speaker was lucky to get out with nothing worse than a bowl of gravy down his neck. "This man's army" became "that man's army" and its manifold errors of omission and commission were raucously proclaimed to a breathless world. We'd all re-enlist and—you know the rest of it.

* * * *

Out of this welter of surplus vitality emerged several rare specimens: the handshaker, the jingo, the martyr, the bolshevik, and the bellyacher. The handshaker figured the government was his debtor for life,—any fool could work. The jingo was all het up for more worlds to conquer. The martyr was a sad case. His genius had never been appreciated. The bolshevik proclaimed the freedom of everything —especially himself. No ties of fraternal comradeship should fetter his soaring ego. Veteran associations—bah—he wanted never to be reminded of anything connected with the army. The bellyacher's pet grouches were countless: the war millionaires, the shipyard workers, the government, the Legion, army chow, army pay, and the Army as a whole.

* * * *

A few of each breed are still at large, but not many. A measure of sanity soon began to assert itself. It became safe to address a group of veterans without a suit of armor and a megaphone. Empty bottles became less in demand as missiles of attack. Fewer handouts and fatter pay checks were found more conducive to happiness. The metamorphosis was gradual but complete. What clearer proof of the change the years have wrought than the conduct and the spirit of open-minded fairness seen at the recent smokers at the Club? Picture, if you can, the wild and woolly young barbarians of 1919 listening to a Regular Army colonel lecture on the National Defense Act—and enjoying it. At the very latest smoker, a member of the well-known Marine Corps was roundly cheered while attempting to teach a bunch of hard-boiled YD yanks the words and music of the famous Marine song.

* * * *

Soap-box oratory and sporadic attempts to tap the reservoir of public sympathy and public wealth have given way to well-considered plans and well conducted campaigns to relieve real suffering and hardship. The yellow journal type of veteran publication, picturing the poor service man seated in a wheel chair selling pencils outside a window where a "bloated plutocrat" was to be seen enjoying a turkey dinner, has been supplanted by splendid periodicals, such as the *American Legion Monthly*, teaching tolerance, free speech, true patriotism, and our duty toward our own crippled and disabled comrades.

Organization has replaced anarchy, and a finer sense of justice has superseded howling jingoism and arrogant intolerance. Through organization real wrongs have been righted, false grievances have been silenced and a feeling of civic pride and responsibility has come into being. The great body of veterans, conscious of its tremendous power, has become an agency for good government, sane patriotism, and clean, self-supporting American citizenship.

MARKERS FOR WAR GRAVES

Headstones for America's largest overseas garrison—the 20,000 dead in France—have been ordered by the War Department. The installation of most of them are expected to be completed by the time of the American Legion convention in September.

The permanent markers will be of white marble in two designs, the cross for those of Christian faith and the star of David for graves of Jewish soldiers.

The inscription on each stone will consist of the full name of each soldier, his rank, regiment, division, State from which he came, and date of death.

Headstones for the graves of the unknown dead will be inscribed as follows:

Here Rests in Honored Glory
An American Soldier
Known but to God.

RECEPTION TO GENERAL PASSAGA BY THE YD CLUB OF BOSTON

GENERAL FENELON F. G. PASSAGA

"If all the labor, the love, and the anxiety which all of us have expended so lavishly in forming and upholding this Club had heretofore produced no result whatsoever," declared Brig.-General Charles H. Cole, from the platform of the YD Club of Boston, on the evening of July 7, "we should not have worked in vain if rewarded by the splendid occasion which we are here to celebrate this evening."

The reception to General Fenelon F. G. Passaga was indeed a milestone in the history of our club, an event surpassing in importtance any of the successful and brilliant functions which have preceded it in the seven years of our existence. Originally intended as the common meeting place of soldiers of the Yankee Division, this beautiful Memorial Clubhouse has become the home within whose doors we welcome our guests and friends. Here is the latchstring which is always out; here the hearth upon which the blaze of welcome is ever burning for those to whom common experience has united us. No other stage is quite so well suited, no other atmosphere quite so sympathetic for the reception which soldier tenders to soldier.

General Passaga, formerly commander of the 32d French Army Corps, came to this country early in July as the guest of the 104th Infantry, following the persistent invitations of Col. Paul J. Norton, the present Commanding Officer of that Regiment. He came as the official emissary of the French government, with instructions to decorate the colors of the new 104th with the Croix de Guerre which the war-time regiment earned at Apremont, and received at the hand of General Passaga at Boucq, in May 1918. Thus, the French courteously seek to hand down to the future the traditions of a great event.

Many places were visited by General Passaga during his stay in this country, and many receptions were staged in his honor. Some of these, such as the dinner at Washington, the luncheon at Gloucester, and the visit to Camp Devens, are related in this issue of YANKEE DOINGS.

Thursday, July 7, was anticipated by the members of the Club as our day; the day the General was to be our guest. At noon, the General called upon Governor Fuller, at the State House, and expressed himself as deeply moved as he stood before the stirring mural painting depicting the historic scene at Boucq. This was followed by a State luncheon given by the Governor.

At 6.00 o'clock, the YD Club fired its first gun. The new University Club was chosen to be the scene of a testimonial banquet to the "champion morale builder of France." About 100 men who had eaten "canned-bill" right out of the tin sat down to a repast which, by its very contrast, forcefully recalled those other days. One thing, however, the years have not changed. The mud-stained Yank who divided his box of hardtack with a buddy learned for all time the soldier's creed of hospitality. This was his opportunity to shower it prodigally on an honored comrade, he set out to do his darnedest, and accomplished it.

The dinner was enlivened with music and several little skits abounding in the quality of humor peculiar to the soldier. In one of these BILLY CONNERY impersonated a French poilu and BILL BLAKE, a Yank inquiring the way back to his outfit. You can picture the rest.

Not the least attractive feature of the banquet was the menu cards upon which PALMSTROM had depicted a typical French kitchen with two American soldiers seated at the table talking with a small French boy, while madame is busy preparing the "pommes-de-terres frites."

At 8.30, a bugler stationed at the entrance of the YD Club blew "Attention," followed by "General's Call." Those seated in the great hall, filling it to capacity, arose with a shout as the massed colors of America and France and the beautiful silk standard of the Club were carried into the hall by uniformed color bearers, followed by the tall and gallant figure in horizon blue, on the arm of the Division's Old Man, General Edwards. The most distinguished gathering ever assembled in the Club followed the guest of honor: Members of Congress, General Officers who had served in the A. E. F.; the officers of the Club and of the Veterans Association.

Seated in the place of honor at the right hand of General Edwards, the figure of General Passaga easily dominated all others in its magnificent physique and in its splendid military poise. Clothed in immaculate horizon blue with the broad crimson sash of the Legion of Honor across his breast, from which hung his many decorations, yet withal it was the ruddy countenance with its infectious smile of understanding and happiness which held every eye throughout the entire evening.

President SWAN made the opening speech of welcome in behalf of the Club. His courage in attempting this in French was an heroic thing. At any rate, it was the kind of French the audience "compree'd" whether the guest of honor did or not.

Colonel KEVILLE, introduced by the toastmaster with all his titles and near titles, welcomed General Passaga in the name of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, in a little speech having the characteristic Keville punch. It was delivered in English.

BILL BROWN RECEIVES ACCOLADE

The next act came as a surprise. In fact, the actor, BILL BROWN, 1st Vice-President of the Club, was not even among those on the stage. Introduced as Corporal Bill Brown he popped up from the "front row of the orchestra" clad in the blue smock and Apline chausseur tam of the YD Post, A. L. In a neat little speech, in French (good French), he presented the General with a YD pin. Great was the delight, and loud were the yells of approval of the assembled multitude when the General leaned forward and kissed Bill on each cheek.

Major-General Eddie Logan, commanding the 26th Division, M. N. G., was the next speaker. After a facetious and caustic comment on the linguistic ability of President Swan, he acted as spokesman of the new Division in offering General Passaga the hospitality of Camp Devens, and promised him "a good show."

The present commander of the 104th and the man most responsible for General Passaga's visit, was next called upon, Colonel Paul J. Norton. For six years, he said, he had been planning for, and looking forward to this night. He hoped we were as happy in its arrival as he.

Congressman Jimmy Gallivan, the pride of South Boston, came next on the list. He imparted the heretofore carefully guarded secret that he had watched the first shipload of Yankee Division soldiers sail for France, and had been present when the first home-bound contingent returned. Then in a style worthy of a Congressman, more worthy of South Boston, and most worthy of Jimmy Gallivan, he welcomed the guest of the evening in the name of everything and everybody including "Cal." Coolidge.

At this point Charlie Stevens went into retirement. Carroll Swan's good natured rejoiners had failed to silence this ardent champion of free speech for everybody at once, but when the Old Man shouted, "Shut up, Charlie"—well, you've seen the dog on the Victrola records.

Brig. General Alfred Foote, who has been with General Passaga since he landed here, told a few anecdotes of their visits to other cities and drew an interesting comparison between General Passaga and General Edwards, in their methods of morale building.

Speechmaking was interrupted at this point by a charming young lady who sang several numbers.

CORPORALS AND CONGRESSMEN

Another "buck-corporal" was called up from the floor, Bill McGinnis, Commander Massachusetts Department, American Legion. Bill spoke but a few words, but in the humble opinion of your reporter, it was one of the best speeches of the evening. It dealt with the coming convention in Paris. Without a trace of sloppy sentimentality, without a wasted word, he drew a picture of the reunion of Yank and poilu, of the new hand clasp of those who understand and will always understand.

Following along the same theme the next speaker, known in France as one of her best friends, Congressman A. Piatt Andrew traced the fraternity of that country and ours since the days of the American Revolution.

Still another Congressman, Bill Connery, buck-private in the 101st Infantry, rendered a French version of "Madelon" that would have made a true son of Gaul green with envy. The General's face beamed with amusement.

Tom Quinn, whose fine tenor voice is known throughout all of New England, sang two numbers in the perfect silence of appreciation. As one encore he rendered, "There is no Death."

Fr. Osias Boucher, Chaplain of the 101st Infantry, delivered a beautiful address in French. Although most of the audience understood not a word, each one was pleased that General Passaga, who understands but very little English, could have a share in the evening's enjoyment. However, M. J. C. J. Flamand, French Consul, sat at the General's right and translated the important parts of all that was said.

Only one man sat on the stage without being called on for a speech: Captain Gustav Gacon, the General's aide, who acted in the same capacity during the war.

Brig. Gen. Charles H. Cole thanked the guest of the evening for the honors which he is here to bestow upon our comrades of the old and new Divisions.

A friend from another Division, Major General Mark L. Hersey, Commander of the 4th Division, spoke very briefly.

Congressman Andrew was then called upon again to present the four men of the 104th whom General Passaga had decorated in France and who had come up from Gloucester to see him. They were roundly cheered, as was in-

deed everyone and everything the entire evening.

Congressman Billy Connery, who was next called on, refused to speak until General Cole and Piatt Andrew sang "The Froth Blower's Song." This they did with great gusto, the entire audience joining in the second chorus. Billy then told half a dozen stories in his own inimitable way.

GENERAL EDWARDS PRESENTS
GENERAL PASSAGA

The 75's and 155's ceased firing and the big guns opened up. General Edwards was presented amidst the roar and tumult of the ecstatic throng. He told of his association with General Passaga as his Corps Commander in the Toul Sector, of his (Passaga's) courtesy and gallantry, and the sure instinct he possessed in the leadership of men. He eulogized the French method of making awards for valor and its effect in building up the morale of soldiers. In conclusion he introduced the honored guest, General Passaga.

Standing together for a moment the French commander towered a full three inches above the tall form of our Old Man, an impressive figure and a commanding presence.

One had but little need to understand French or to listen to the quick and accurate translation of M. Flamand, to sense the spirit of his beautiful address of international friendship and affection and soldierly comradeship.

Following his address he was presented with a YD auto-radiator emblem, a gavel made from wood from the Washington Elm and a beautiful silver water pitcher. His keen sense of humor cropped out as he stood examining the gavel while President Swan was explaining that the next gift, (the pitcher) was chosen that Mme. Passaga might also enjoy its use. As this was translated to him he held the gavel aloft with a questioning look, asking if that were it.

The last presentation was a beautiful hand-lettered and illuminated testimonial, the work of Phil Palmstrom, which reads:

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

"As a testimonial of the continued friendship and esteem of the officers and men of the 26th Division, A. E. F.; in commemoration of his invaluable aid in creating and sustaining the morale of that Division, and in memory of the intimate part he played in conferring a great and signal honor upon one of its regiments, *General F. F. G. Passaga*, French Army, is hereby elected an Honorary Member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association and of the YD Club of Boston.

(Signed) WILLIAM J. KEVILLE
President Y. D. V. A.
CARROLL J. SWAN
President YD Club of Boston

(Seal and Ribbons)

General Passaga said he looked forward to showing these things to his friends at home, and expressed the desire to shake each man's hand. Were we proud of the opportunity? And bless his heart, he thanked each of us as we passed!

Doughnuts were served by two Sallies, and a notable evening came to a close.

We can do no better in concluding our report than to quote the citation which was printed on the menu cards at the banquet:

VIIIth Army
32nd Army Corps
Staff
3rd Office

Headquarters, June 27, 1918.

3292-3

General Order No. 133

At the moment when the 26th Division of Infantry of the United States is leaving the 32d French Corps, I salute its colors and thank it for the splendid services it has rendered here to the common cause.

Under the distinguished command of their Chief, General Edwards, the high-spirited soldiers of the "Yankee Division" have taught the enemy some bitter lessons, at Bois Brule, at Seicheprey, at Xivray-Marvoisin; they have taught him to realize the staunch vigor of the sons of the Great Republic, fighting for the world's freeedom.

My heartiest good wishes will accompany the "Yankee Division" always, in its future combats.

General PASSAGA
Commanding the 32d Army Corps
(Signed) PASSAGA

THE COMPLETE CAMPER

Nicely laundered linen and fancy lace doilies, for the sleeping quarters and the dining table, as well as table lamps, instead of the old-fashioned lanterns, are among the nicer things which the woman in camping has introduced. Carpets and mats are now laid inside the tent to make it more home-like, too.—News Item.

Now wouldn't that shatter your tent pole! Carpets! Mats! Lace doilies!!!

Remember how good a square yard of pup tent used to look? Up on top of a hill called Bois des Trois Monts, just above the village of Rupt-en-Woevre, we sat around two or three days waiting for the St. Mihiel drive to start driving. We were in pup tents. It rained a little. Only twenty-four hours of each day, however, and only sixty minutes each hour. Five minutes out of the tent was as good as an ocean swim. Then if you were lucky enough to have any dry clothes you might sit in the liquid mud which formed the tent floor and try to change.

At about the end of the first day there was little choice between outside the tent and inside. It was leaking like a sieve and rivers were running in under each corner. Then it commenced to rain about twice as hard. But why go into more detail. You know what it was like.

Since then we have slept in a pup tent and enjoyed it. We have been on camping trips. And our only equipment has been a pup tent, an axe, a frying-pan, some blankets, and a battered coffee-pot. For our depraved taste these seemed sufficient. But now we know we have been all wrong. Lace doilies. Good night!

BOOST, DON'T KNOCK

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:—

It is indeed most tragic that former members of the 104th should allow themselves to become embroiled in a controversy which bids fair to become one of the most distasteful aftermaths of the war concerning the award of honor to several of our former officers. Indeed, one feels that he is expressing the general sentiment of the regiment in stating that each and every man did his duty and those who were singled out for honors, surely deserve all that may be given them. It is the old gag for the ex-soldier continually to declare that "those who didn't deserve decorations are the ones who got them."

Where are the good sports I used to know? The good fellows I once did love so well, those who laughed at death in all its tragic circumstances, who cheered the "weak sister," and always claimed his buddy should have received all the medals being awarded. There were so many of those good sports that it seems incredible that none of them are handy just now, to put the "soft pedal" on our "chronic kickers." I could name these good fellows by the dozens, not one of them that ever has or ever will attempt to cast reflections on any of his comrades-in-arms. One can safely say that if every brave action which took place in the battle area could have caught the attention of an observer whose duty it was to recommend decorations, that medals would have been as profuse as francs were on pay day.

General Passaga, a brave, courteous soldier-gentleman, on a special mission, authorized by the Government of France, comes to us with the same friendly spirit so paramount during the days of war. Knowing full well the wonderful spirit and self-sacrifice shown by our troops in that blood-curdling battle at Apremont, and the honors which came from his office as Commanding General of that sector, it is indeed disgraceful that his good-will mission should be assailed as it has been by a few disgruntled members of the old outfit. It should now become the duty of us who appreciate the signal honor bestowed on our colors in France, to do our utmost to demonstrate to General Passaga that this is not the sentiment of the Regiment at large, but of the small group who so love turmoil and dragging up that which could so easily be forgotten.

Through the columns of this magazine, from time to time, I have been privileged to submit short articles, which have been quite caustic toward several of our General Officers for literally knocking the devil out of us because of our alleged shortcomings. Perhaps, several of you will consider me a confirmed crank, and if this be so, I will not attempt to correct the impression. But it certainly does strike home when, within our own ranks, such public dissension arises as has on this occasion. If we must have criticism, why must it get into the newspapers? This, to my mind, is a betrayal of some of the mistakes attributed to us by our critics. It is just what they need to start whanging us some more. Who are we to designate who shall be decorated and who shall not? Every additional decoration bestowed upon a member of the 104th is another reminder of the glory which will follow this regiment to the end of its days. Within our State House is the painting of the original decoration, placed there by the French Government. Esprit-de-corps made possible that beautiful painting. In civilian life are we to lose the unity and co-operation we knew under the dark clouds of war in far distant climes? Are we to forget our comrades who now sleep in distant lands? Well does one know the thundering "NO" which bespeaks the true spirit of the regiment. Let the petty grumblers go back to their shells, and may we never again hear of such Judases as have recently called the high Heavens to witness indiscriminate decorating of our comrades.

General Passaga, the 104th owes you the most profound apology possible, the true spirit of the 104th you knew in France when we had the privilege of serving under you, is the spirit we would ask that you remember us by. Remember, the dissenters are in the small minority, and we would request that you remember the words of our Savior: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

—"DIABLO"
(104th Infantry)

GENERAL PASSAGA AT WESTFIELD

On the afternoon of July 10th, General Passaga visited Camp Bartlett at Westfield, Mass., and reviewed the 104th Infantry M. N. G.

The ceremony, in which the entire regiment took part, was one of the most colorful spectacles ever held in western Massachusetts. In the throng of spectators were many of the 117 doughboys who received the Croix de Guerre from General Passaga in Boucq, in 1917. It was the big event to the veteran of all the ceremonies connected with the General's visit to America, a celebration of which they heartily approved and during which they could express their true feeling toward the old warrior of France.

All through the day the General had reason to treasure his reception as a remarkable demonstration of the boys who consider that he and they, underneath the uniform, were real buddies and pals when they were carrying on together in the battlefields of France. He must have known, even if he couldn't understand English, that the veterans had given him the highest tribute in their category—"a regular guy."

Wherever he went he saw the tricolor proudly displayed with the stars and stripes. Westfield was ablaze with the colors of France. The tricolor and the stars and stripes floated together on the flagstaff at Camp Bartlett and side by side their folds were draped over the Apremont monument.

The exercises at the monument took place at 1.30 P. M. The 104th regiment, National Guard, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Slate, paraded from Camp Bartlett, a short distance away, and massed to one side of the monument. Several hundred veterans of the 104th grouped themselves in front of the monument, places of honor being given to those decorated at Apremont.

This was the first time since the days of Apremont, nine years ago, that the General had met the boys whom he personally decorated. He expressed his keen pleasure at the reunion, once again pointed to the deep gratitude of his country for the pluck and aid of the American soldiers in the World War, and referred to the feeling of brotherhood which has always existed between the United States and France. He paid a warm tribute to the boys who did their bit and gave their lives at Apremont and other battles in France.

THE CRUISE OF THE "MONTPELIER"

By Leon F. Denis (104th Infantry)

Though there were not many of us in that gallant bunch of trusty doughboys, who of them will ever forget the eventful 24-day trip of that remnant of the 104th Infantry from Newport News, Virginia, late in the fall of '17, to La Rochelle (La Pallice).

The party started with the usual bustle of breaking camp, packing stuff away—some of it for reasons unknown to us and everyone else—then playing chambermaid to about 700 horses and long-eared, jar-headed mules from the corrals to the docks, and finally, escorting them up and down a thousand runways into the hold of that splendid ship, "The Montpelier." As I remember, our part of preparing the ship for its journey started at the dock, where the dusky skinned stevedores turned over from two to a dozen horses or mules to each lusty doughboy from the 104th. Both by kindness and other means, the animals were headed for the ship's hold and finally into stalls below.

Packs had already been stowed away as best they could be in a little 2 x 4 compartment in the fore part of the ship just aft of the forward hold. No animals were stored in this forward hold through some grave error which was a vital factor in keeping us alive until we reached France. Had they been stowed in that hold, the Lord only knows how many of us would have died of suffocation from manure and other matter that cluttered all the decks below the water line and which made living conditions "*so pleasant.*" At any rate, after storing all these possible "rations-on-the hoof" in the ship, we were joined by a few squads from the 6th Engineers, whom we did not see until all the animals had been loaded and who helped us a lot afterward by not being handy when feeding and watering had to be done after we left port.

We headed for New York and the ship, being loaded to capacity, or a little above, plodded along slowly, and in a couple of days we arrived in the outer harbor well coated with ice above decks and none too healthy or pleased below decks. It seems that at New York we were to meet some other ships destined for the other side of the pond and all of us were to move out together under proper naval escort. However, as near as I can remember, they got tired of waiting for us and finally shoved off about 24 hours before we arrived. We were then to catch up—if possible, otherwise to take the entire ocean to ourselves. There was nothing to do but head straight East which was the direction I think our skipper took, for it was not long before we hit the Gulf Stream, where the ship lost its ice coating and we commenced running around barefooted on the hot steel decks. Which, by the way, brings up one of the best samples of Army economy I saw during the war.

After we were a few days out the rollers started to do unusual things to the many stalls that had been so painfully constructed at Newport News for animals (we fortunately did not have) on deck. It seems that the stalls and the rollers could not get along together very well,—at least every time a nice roller came along and met up with one of those deck stalls, which were bolted to the railing, there was a crash and much splintering of timber. Then came the job of getting all the loose timber off the deck before someone was knocked for a loop by having a 6 x 6 hit him in the shins or bump him in the back when he wasn't looking. Fire axes were brought up from below and we had a merry time playing firemen, cutting up all the deck stalls and chucking them unceremoniously overboard for the fish to eat if they could, or to serve as a "white way" whereby enemy submarines could promptly pick up our trail and send us to Davy Jones' locker. But, the saints were with us, or the devil himself, I don't know which,—through some miracle no one saw our unmistakable trail and we managed to crawl into St. Nazaire without being either bombarded or torpedoed. That was a great experience for any of the boys who might have intended to join the fire department after getting back home. As a matter of fact, we did have a gallant fireman from Cambridge with us, whom I only remember as BUCK WALLACE, formerly from one of the Cambridge companies of the old 8th Massachusetts. Buck sure must have got plenty of practice in swinging an axe while we were engaged in demolishing those stalls and chucking them overboard. From his experience, he should be at least a Battalion Chief by now.

Well that eventually had its ending, and the next thing we knew, someone informed us that there were umptysteen miles of railroad in the rough down below in the forward hold. Through some bonehead trick it had been stowed in such a manner that whenever the ship pitched forward or reared up on its hind legs, those damnable rails socked the plates that held the ship together an awful wallop; but again the devil was with us and none of the railroad left us during the voyage via the under water route through the plates on the side of the ship.

Hay was another little item that was conveniently stored way down yonder where we had to use a whole platoon of blocks-and-falls to get it up where we could distribute it to the poor horses and mules. It also was well stacked and sandwiched in between a flock of Garford trucks just so that the trucks could not get over ambitious and start out the side of the ship if they had a mind to.

What with each man feeding and watering 8 or more horses, two or three times a day, we had nothing to do all the way over, except a fellow by the name of Dougherty and myself, who were lucky enough to get a job (position, I mean) shoveling coal through the bowels of the ship for the last six days of the journey. This pleasant detail, though we took it voluntarily, was caused by a couple of members of the crew getting too tough for the Chief Engineer (who, by the way, was of the Limey variety) and he put them in the booby-hatch up forward with the anchor chains and rats, where they belonged. Well, Dougherty and I shoveled from 8.00 A. M. until 12.00 Noon, then had dinner in the Engineers' Mess, something a great deal better than the common soldiers up forward were having, and

at 1.00 P. M. we went down again into the bowels of the ship for another go at the black diamonds. We quit for the day at 5.00 P. M., when we tried to wash with salt water and unlatherable soap in the engine room and then to chow again in the high-ranking mess. Thence to bed for we sure did not feel much like playing leap-frog after heaving a thousand tons of coal around in the labyrinth of decks and passageways below. We almost changed bunks through getting this high-ranking job, but someone stepped on the idea of the 1st Asst. Engineer (who was a white man—naturally all Yanks are). He had suggested we move up into one of the empty cabins on the bridge, but nothing doing, that was too good. So we staid with the rest of the common soldiers in the slime down below decks which increased in depth as days went on, due to the fact that the scuppers were all clogged up, and everything just staid aboard and floated around among the barrack bags and packs.

Sleeping in those 4-decked bunks was just glorious. If you were on top, every time you moved your head to sneeze you hit the deck with a resounding bump that almost knocked all the rivets off one plate; and if you were in either of the three bunks below, you socked the guy above you and maybe got socked back for disturbing him. The chow was simply grand for the soldiers, principally tea, marmalade, sea gull soup and the like. Of course, we fellows in the high ranking Engineers' Mess had roast sea gull and what we left over was made into soup for the common soldiers down below. They all managed to survive however.

There was one pleasant feature of the voyage though, the presence of fifteen or twenty Navy men who were a gun crew intended to protect us from the enemy, which, thank the Lord, we never met. Among them, I remember, was a chap who had been in the Naval Militia in my home town and we got along fine together, though I was then in the "black gang" and he was a high ranking "radio girl."

Finally, after circling the globe three or four times, we put into St. Nazaire one evening at about dusk. The authorities there took one look at the tub we were in, said "Allez," and allez we did for another night and day which eventually found us in the port of La Pallice, the first American troops to occupy that town. I'll say that I for one sure appreciated and made use of that fact after I once got both feet used to walking on land again.

At St. Nazaire, the story was that there was no room for us, but as we came in I saw a fleet of empty ships leaving for home, among them the Von Steuben and others of like size. At any rate, we "allez-ed" to La Rochelle and then the fun began, with the French Army, Navy and Customs Service. It seems that the skipper was a Swede and among all the other nationalities represented in the crew no one could talk French. Again I found myself the center of all activities as the Customs people came aboard and I was impressed into service as sort of master of ceremonies, which included escorting the dignitaries about; I had to give them the dope on tonnage, number of animals, losses, which by the way included only three horses which were not killed or dumped overboard until we had sighted land. This detail meant a trip ashore immediately, giving forth much more information, and finally a trip to the Cafe de la Paix, dinner with the English Consul and an honest-to-goodness bath; all on the night we docked, before any other soldiers were allowed off the ship. Oh boy, talk about a grand and glorious feeling. Dinner parties with the English Consul then became a matter of course and were frequent in the two or three weeks we staid in town and I'm telling you that it sure was good after getting off that boat.

The morning after docking, the process of unloading the animals began; luckily I was left out of the detail; and they were escorted over nice icy pavements a couple of miles to the French Artillery Barracks on the other end of town to be stabled. The animals having no shoes, this job was far from pleasant for the rest of the bunch, but finally it was completed and we then settled down to being chambermaids again until time came for us to depart. Oh yes, I must make a correction, there were a handful of Americans in town, shut up tightly in the French barracks, a detachment from some Regular Cavalry Regiment, and they let us know who they were too, but that did not last long, we were too many.

LAWRENCE FETES BILL McGINNIS

On the evening of June 8, representatives of the National and State governments, military men and citizens of Massachusetts and Lawrence to the number of about 500, tendered a testimonial banquet to WILLIAM MCGINNIS (102d F. A.) Massachusetts Department Commander, American Legion, in the State Armory of his home town, Lawrence.

Governor Fuller, who was unable to attend, sent a letter, reading, in part as follows:

> "I had never met him until one day when Mrs. Fuller and I were going to Pittsfield for the dedication of a soldier's monument there. I did not know then he was a prospective commander, but I did appreciate his charming and enthusiastic personality, and I was led to look into his background, only to find that by his own efforts he had risen from a very humble position, had educated himself, had become one of the best public speakers in this State, and now in addition we can say that he is at the close of a most successful administration of the affairs of the American Legion.
>
> "I am sending him a little stickpin with the seal of Massachusetts on it. Its intrinsic value is not great, but it is a privilege to give it to him as a loyal son of Massachusetts—one to whom we would turn in confidence for counsel and advice in any emergency."

Commander McGinnis was praised for his fine record in war and in peace, and Congressman Andrew was applauded when he predicted that when his term as State head of the American Legion ended, Mr. McGinnis would be a suitable candidate for national commander.

EFFECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE?

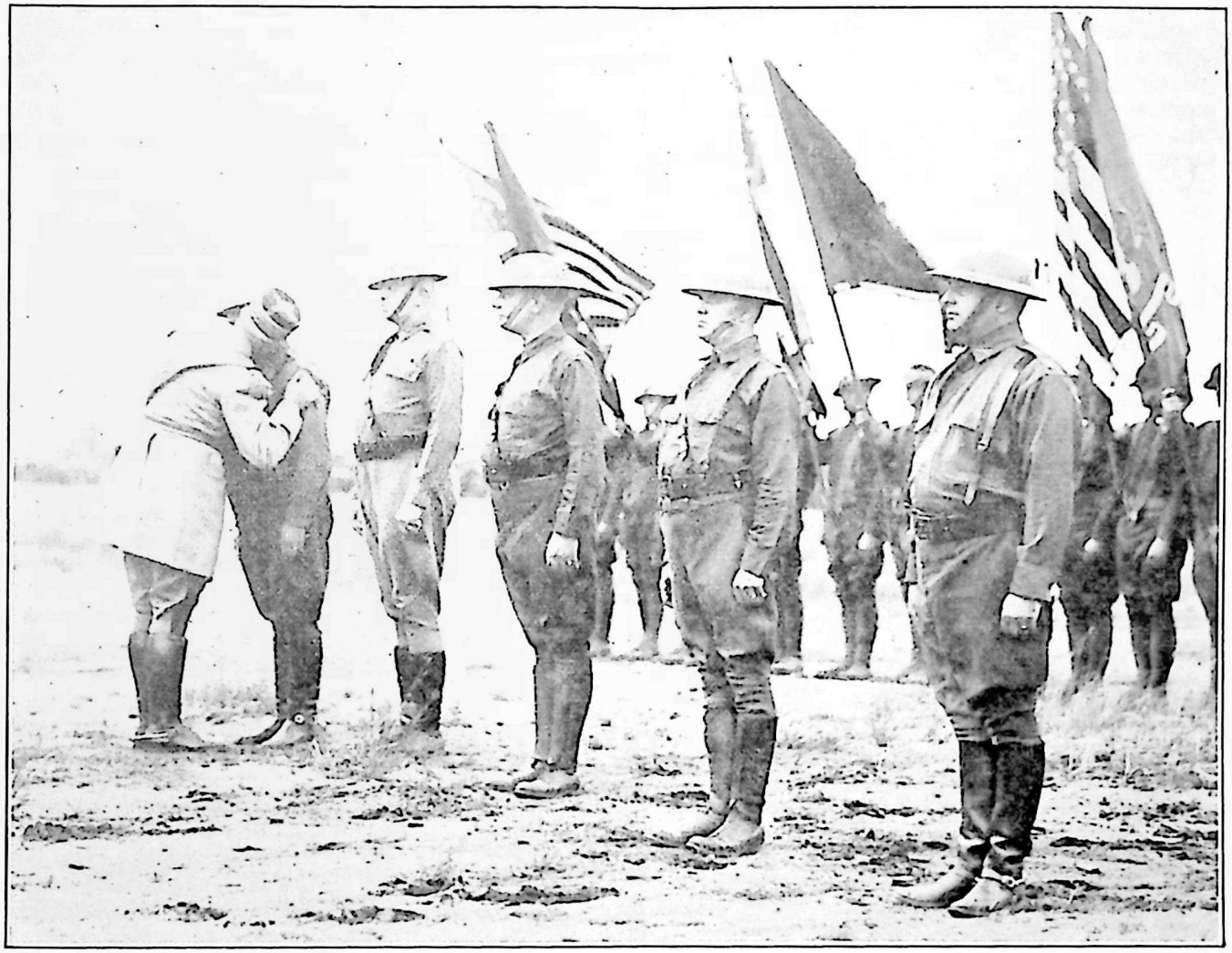
Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Sorry for being delinquent. You see, the due bill was so unusual that I thought it was a sample of wall paper or window paper and laid it aside for future reference. Moral: Don't camouflage bills!

—E. J. CONNOLLY (104th Inf.)

Wakefield, Mass.

HISTORY REPEATS



GENERAL PASSAGA DECORATING OFFICERS OF 104th INFANTRY
(Left to right)
Brig.-Gen. Alfred Foote, Col. Paul J. Norton, Maj. Thomas J. Hammond
Maj. Edward J. Connolly, Maj. James G. Brown

On Thursday, July 14, at Camp Devens, General Fenelon F. G. Passaga pinned the colors of the Croix de Guerre on the colors of the 104th Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard. This act was the outcome of an official order of the French Government, whereby the honor won by the old 104th during the Apremont engagement will be handed down to the regiment which succeeds the one which has become a glorious part of America's history.

The ceremony presented perhaps the most stirring military spectacle in New England since the close of the war.

More dramatic, probably, than that April ceremony in Boucq, France, when the 104th Infantry first dipped its colors for decoration by France, was the re-enactment of that scene and the decoration by Maj.-Gen. Fenelon F. G. Passaga of the new colors of the regiment.

Then, all the pageantry of war were represented. There were the grim lines of olive drab, the dull glint of steel helmets, the gleam of polished bayonets, the band, the colors. But then the picture was incomplete. It lacked the elements supplied by a few hundred men tucked away in a corner near the grand stand; the broken human wreckage left behind when the tide of war has receded.

And in the end, it was these crippled men whose valor made this ceremony possible, who won the honors. After the troops had trudged their dusty way back to quarters, and the guns had rumbled off the field and the trucks and tanks were still clattering far to one side, General Passaga left Governor, Congressmen, Mayor and Generals waiting, while he went back for one last word to the soldiers who had fought and suffered under him.

SALUTES WOUNDED MEN

Immediately after General Passaga arrived at the parade grounds he was brought to the group by Maj. Judson Han-

nigan. As the veterans rose and cheered, General Passaga came to snappy salute. The ex-soldiers then held their reunion with Capt. Gustave Gacon, aid to General Passaga, who was also his wartime aid and participated with the General in the original decoration in 1918.

Harold Woodruff, President of the 104th Veterans' Association, presented Captain Gacon a wrist watch, from members of the old regiment. There were more cheers, then Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, war-time commander of the 26th Division, was brought forward and heartily cheered. Governor Fuller arrived at this time and another cheer went up.

GENERAL KISSES TWO VETERANS

Meantime, someone had whispered to Captain Gacon, and the Captain relayed the message to the General. Then occurred one of the most touching ceremonies of the day. General Passaga sought out a stout man wearing the wartime uniform of the 104th Infantry, placed both hands on his shoulders, and after directing a rapid stream of French at him, kissed him on both cheeks. It was John A. Dickerman of Somerville, a sergeant in the Headquarters Company, 104th Infantry, during the war, who lost an eye and a leg, and who was wounded 45 times by shrapnel.

Because of his wounds, Sergeant Dickerman was unable to be present on that morning when General Passaga decorated the colors and 118 men of the 104th, so he did not receive his accolade in person. This was the defect which was remedied by General Passaga's salute of this afternoon.

Next came Lieut. James E. Corbin, who, during the war, was a sergeant in Headquarters Company, 104th. Because of wounds, Lieut. Corbin fainted at Boucq while waiting for his decoration, and he too, missed the accolade. General Passaga made up for that by kissing him on both cheeks and patting him on the head.

BRILLIANT SPECTACLE

The decoration of the regimental colors was as brilliant and beautiful a spectacle as the heart could wish. It came before the divisional review. For a half-hour before the arrival of either Governor Fuller or General Passaga, the division had been lined up, waiting. When the 17-gun salute for Governor Fuller started banging away at the camp gate the lines stiffened up. General Logan, his staff and aids, had been waiting on horseback before the reviewing stand.

When General Passaga had finished his reunion with the veterans, General Logan brought the division to present arms. Then he swung about to face the reviewing stand and he and his staff came to salute. General Passaga and Governor Fuller returned the salute. General Logan rode to the stand, dismounted, and General Passaga came down off the stand to meet him.

INSPECTION BY AUTOMOBILE

Then came an incident which veterans say was the first in military history—inspection of a division by automobile. General Passaga had protested against the innovation, but when it was pointed out to him that the foot troops stretched out along a front of a mile, with artillery and specialists drawn up in back, and that to inspect them all on foot would take an hour, during which many men might drop in ranks from the heat, General Passaga gave in. He got into his car with Governor Fuller, General Logan sitting in front. In a second car came General Edwards, Adjt. Gen. Jesse F. Stevens, aid to Governor Fuller, and Captain Gacon, with Col. John D. Murphy, chief of staff of the 26th Division, sitting in front.

With Governor Fuller and General Passaga standing on the back seat of the first machine, the two automobiles proceeded slowly down the long line of troops standing stiffly at attention. Their appearance was very warlike, wearing "tin" hats, combat packs and O. D. shirts. The cars circled the left of the line, swinging behind to pass the artillery, tanks, train and ambulances, then turned back to the reviewing stand.

ADVANCE OF THE COLORS

General Logan strode to the head of his staff, which had been sitting their mounts just in front of the grandstand. At the same time the staff rode to the right, leaving General Logan facing his division, on foot.

"Persons to be decorated and all colors, center, march," shouted the General. The bands, which had been massed in the center of the column, struck up, as the color bearers and color guards marched along the line toward the center. The five officers to be decorated had been placed, in uniform, with the 104th, though most of them are no longer connected with the regiment.

The colors assembled at the center, General Logan gave the order to march forward. It was a spectacle to stir any heart as the long line of massed colors—one national standard and one regimental standard to each unit—advanced steadily toward the reviewing line, to the music of the massed bands. When they arrived in front of the reviewing stand, General Logan halted them, turned to the stand and saluted.

"Sir, the persons and colors to be decorated are present," he said.

GENERAL PASSAGA ADORNS COLORS

General Passaga and his aid, Governor Fuller and his aid, and a ubiquitous lieutenant of State Police descended from the stand and advanced to within a dozen paces of General Logan.

"Shall I present the division?" asked the General, saluting.

General Passaga and Governor Fuller nodded and saluted. Striding to a point behind the massed colors, General Logan brought the division to present arms.

He gave a signal, and the massed bands struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." From that they swung into the "Marseillaise." While the two anthems were being played everybody was at salute. When the last notes of the "Marseillaise" died away, General Passaga dropped his hand from his cap and advanced to the colors of the 104th, which were placed in the center. The color bearer stepped out and dipped the regimental colors.

Captain Gacon handed the General a green ribbon bearing the Croix de Guerre, and General Passaga read from a typewritten paper the official citation which accompanied the original decoration, setting forth the deeds of valor at Apremont performed by the division and its members. Then he stepped to the flag, fastened the ribbon about the top and kissed the flag.

DECORATION OF OFFICERS

The five officers to be decorated then stepped forward.

(*Concluded on page 28*)

A FEW WALNUTS

By "Diablo"

The company was drawn up on the street, and after roll-call and details were announced, well do I remember the little speech delivered by the first-sergeant, which in part was as follows:

"Now, you have the rest of the day to yourselves. You can go to Toul or hang around here, but let me tell you, if you think you can go and get lit up and then blow in here to raise hell tonight, you've got another think comin.' B Company is on guard and they'll slap you in the Jug quicker than I can if you try any funny stuff."

"Sergeants, dismiss your platoons," and with this the Top hastened up the street to slick himself up for a trip to the walled city.

"Plato-o-n 'tenshun!" Sergt. Curtain had a voice that rivalled the hog callers. "You all heard what the Sergeant said and take it from me you had better watch your step, or you'll be peeling onions for the rest of your Army days."

"Port Arms! Dismissed!" Thus ended the reminders of not to enjoy ourselves.

A rush for the billets, equipment dropped for the razors and soap, and a frantic rush for the watering trough, from the vicinity of which shortly emerged a spick and span gathering of youthful Pershings.

"Corporal Munn! Oh, Corporal Munn!" came the hail just as Joe and Martin joined me and we were off to spend our hard earned cash. "Sergeant Curtain told me to drop a bee in your ear to keep your eye on Farman and see that he doesn't lap up all the booze in Toul," called Printess, the Lieutenant's dog robber.

"Can you imagine that, Joe, me play nursemaid to that guy? Fine chance I have of keeping him on the wagon, this is getting to be a swell army when you have to play wet nurse to some bozo who can't take care of himself." So I grumbled to the ever consoling Joe.

"Oh, come on Mumps, forget it, we'll take care of him, what say Mart?" consoled Joe.

"Sure, let's go. Me for that flying field. Know a feller over there and maybe we'll get a ride."

Martin's continuous complaint was that he was a born aviator and accidentally enlisted in the infantry. So forgetting Farman, we hustled for the narrow gauge railroad and piled into the little cars, and soon were on the outskirts of Toul.

We spent three or four hours exploring the town and after an excellent meal of "Wuffs" and "beefsteak," decided to seek the aviation field. On the way out of town Martin met some boys from his home town and there was nothing else for us to do but join the merry throng and soon were drinking toasts to all the pretty girls in Toul. The aviation field was forgotten, as Martin's friends insisted on teaching us how to play Black Jack.

Well, by the time we started for home we were fairly reeking with francs, also Martin was not as steady as when he started. We got to the station and found the last train had left, leaving us no other alternative but to hike for home.

Oh, that hike, new boots, and some of those nicely knitted sox that our dear ones had experimented on, soon made themselves felt and on reaching the outskirts of our billets, we were ready for the hospital, but the first thing we knew, a motorcycle came racing down the road and nearly ran over us. The officer in the side-car seemed to think we had no right on the road.

Ordering his chauffeur to stop, he hopped out and began questioning us.

"What company do you men belong to?" he demanded.

"B Company, Sir," replied Martin.

"Have you passes?"

"Yes, Sir."

"For how long?"

"Until 9 P. M."

"Well, listen here," continued our questioner, whom we now had ascertained to be a Lieutenant, "I have been assigned to B Company and do not consider this a very good example of soldiering, to find men of my prospective company A. W. O. L., and without shoes. What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"Now, Captain," began Martin, who had constituted himself our spokesman.

"No insolence, Sir! I am Lieutenant Burns, I shall see that this is reported to your Captain, at once. Give me your names," barked the Lieutenant.

"Private Crowley, Sir."

"Corporal Sprague, Sir."

"Corporal Merrill, Sir."

"Very good. Report to your first sergeant, and say that I will see him about this in the morning," and returning to his vehicle, sputtered off down the road.

"Well, what do you think of that, Joe. A. W. O. L., with passes. Say Mumps, what time is it by that turnip of yours?"

"9.20," I replied with drooping spirits. "We sure are late; wonder if we can get by those B boys. Oh, my gosh, you told him we were from B, and gave him the names of those fellers. If he speaks to the guard how will we get in without being chucked in the Jug? Come on make your beans work."

"S'graft," replied Martin. "Come over around the back of that church, and we can get in O. K. Hope they have not checked yet."

Another mile or two to escape meeting those B boys was welcome. So we tramped around the road into the field and came up in back of the church. By waiting until the guard was at the other end of his post we finally sneaked into our billet, and congratulated ourselves in putting it over on the B boys.

Stripping off our outer clothing, we sat on the edge of our bunks and continued to munch on the grapes we had brought with us. Martin, after a while, opened another bag he had, which contained several pounds of walnuts.

Using our boots and bayonets to open them we soon made them disappear, and with a final chuckle at the events of the day, turned in.

We had not been asleep more than ten minutes when awakened by curses and yells that would wake the dead. As there were no lights, I wondered what all the racket was about; every few seconds someone else joined in. Finally, a light appeared and the guard came in, looking for the cause of this unearthly noise in the middle of the night.

It did not take them long to find out. Finishing cracking the walnuts we had dropped the shells on the floor and a couple of other prowlers who had been late had come sneaking in without their shoes and the sharp walnut shells had done the rest. There were plenty of lights now and everyone was asking who had brought those walnuts in. It seemed no one had.

" 'Tenshun!" An officer came through the door. "What's all this racket, Sergeant?"

"Somebody brought some walnuts in here and strewed them all over the floor," replied the Sergeant.

"Well, who did it?"

"No one seems to know, Sir," said the Sergeant.

All right, put the entire billet under arrest in quarters, we'll find out in the morning, whoever did this will be found out."

"Yes, Sir," replied the Sergeant, and turning to us, "Now, you bozos, go to bed and lay off this racket. We'll clear this up in the morning, no one is to leave this billet during the night."

The lights disappeared, and soon silence settled in the gloom, and our expert snorers began to be heard.

"Hey, Mumps," a husky whisper.

"Yes."

"What'll I do with this damn bag of walnuts?" groaned Martin. "Here take them."

"Get away, I don't want them."

Martin was over by my bunk and soon another shadowy figure joined him.

"Mart, did you get rid of that bag," asked Joe.

"No, what'll I do with it?" answered Martin.

"I don't know, but get it out of this billet, or we will get jugged. If we are hauled up before that new Louie, he will recognize us and then we sure will be in Dutch," said Joe anxiously.

"Well, tell me what to do with them."

"Sneak out and chuck them away."

"How can I with the guards all around?"

"I don't know, but get them out of here."

Soon a shadowy figure could be seen climbing out of a small back window, and with a sigh of relief I rolled over and began to hit the hay. I had not been asleep more than fifteen minutes when someone was shaking me awake.

"S'h, it's me, Mart."

"Yes, did you get rid of them?" I asked.

"Yes," chuckled Joe. "I sneaked into the guard house and the 'lewt.' was asleep at the table so I sat the bag in front of him, and beat it back here. Oh, boy, wait until he wakes up, won't he rave."

"You dizzy mutt, get to bed, someone might come in and we would have to do a lot of explaining," I cautioned him, much relieved that the walnuts were out of the billet.

When we woke the next morning there were no guards around and we lay in bed paying no attention to the assembly outside, until a runner came in and told the Sergeant to get us out. Nothing was said about the arrest, and after breakfast, we got ready for drill as in the past. Many questions were asked but no one seemed to know the reason why we had been released as nothing was said about the racket of the night before. During a rest period, Mart and Joe joined me.

"Well," grinned Mart, "Guess we got away with it."

"Take it easy, this seems too good, we haven't heard the last of that yet," I replied with forebodings of disaster. "Look, isn't that the 'Lewt.' that held us up last night, talking to the Skipper?"

"Looks like him," replied Joe. "Say, I begin to feel that something is about to happen."

And happen it did. We fell in again and the Skipper called the Lieutenants to him and there seemed to be plenty of buzzing going around, also much handshaking. After a while, our Lieutenant returned and with our questioner of the night before.

"Men," said our Lieutenant, "this is Lieutenant Burns, who will have charge of this platoon. I have been ordered home, and I want you all to give him the loyalty you have given me in the past."

They started at the head of the line and came down introducing each man by name to our new Officer. Anxiously watching I saw him speak to Joe with a puzzled look on his face, and with a feeling of disaster he came to me.

"Haven't I met you before, Corporal?"

"Can't say, Sir," I replied.

"Your face is so familiar, where do you come from?"

"Boston, Sir."

"Hmm, yes, guess I am mistaken," murmured my questioner.

He passed down the line and came up the rear rank and stopped in front of Martin. Cold shivers were running up and down my back, but he passed on, saying nothing.

After we marched back to camp, Lieutenant Burns addressed us as follows:

"All you men in this platoon who overstaid their leave last night will report to me immediately after mess. There are seven of you and I have your names. Sergeant, dismiss the platoon."

As Martin, Joe and I ate our slum we pondered over the matter whether to report or not.

"Well," said Martin. "He hasn't got our names because we gave names of fellers in B company."

"Yes," said Joe. "But that bird recognized me, at least I am pretty sure he did, wanted to know if he had ever seen me before, guess I will report."

"Me too," I added. "I think he was kidding when he said he guessed it was a mistake in thinking he had ever seen me before."

Promptly at 2 P. M. we wended our way to the quarters of our new Lieutenant, and upon arrival found about fifteen more. Every one was looking at each other suspiciously and the question of the minute seemed to be: "Who brought those walnuts in?"

Suddenly a bugle began sounding first-call and assembly simultaneously. Whistles were blowing and upon hastening back to the billets we found the rest of the outfit busily rolling packs.

"Come on you fellows, get your packs rolled, we are

(*Concluded on Page 34*)

WHERE WERE THE ENGINEERS?

With the pure-hearted motive of letting light shine in dark places, "with malice toward none and charity for all," we will attempt to answer the question which appears as the caption of this little article. It is a query often heard in the sanctum of free speech at 200 Huntington Avenue. Such thirst for knowledge should not go unrecognized. Now comes one of DOING'S most valued contributors with this burning question on his lips. Unlike those rabid souls who find the solace of peace and contentment only when embroiled in argument, he seeks knowledge for its own sake alone. Like each of us, he was in the outfit which made the 26th Division famous. We all were. We shall not mention by name this pilgrim to the fountain-head of wisdom, for three reasons: First, he is "one of nature's noblemen," an apostle of every Christian virtue, chiefly of peace and good-will among men; to be the innocent cause of anything savoring of contention would bring unmeasured anguish to his sensitive heart. He even went so far as to cross out that line of his letter which asked this momentous question, fearing to give offense. But he is a kind-hearted censor of his own writing, and we could read through the pencil line. Second, this poor, benighted individual was so unfortunate as to have served in a regiment, not the Engineers. Not for the world would we betray the name of one upon whom Fate had played such a scurvy trick. And thirdly and lastly, although his military career was thus blighted, and although his education has been so sadly neglected that he can ask such a question, yet withal, as a contributor he is always diligent, and sincere. We cannot afford to lose him. In fact, when his store of information regarding minor and relatively unimportant units of the Division has been supplemented by the facts concerning that great regiment, the 101st Engineers, his value as a contributor should be augmented immeasurably.

"Where were the Engineers?" Well, buddy, they were all over. Sometimes the reason you didn't see them was that you couldn't catch up with them. At other times they were so well disguised in blue denims and French soil that you may have taken them for a gang of negro stevedores or Chinese coolies. Lousy and ragged they may have been, but man alive, Engineer buck privates used to go out in charge of battalions of Infantry to show the Majors how to dig a decent trench.

"Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." So here goes. In the training period, two companies of Engineers built the Base Hospital at Bazoilles, while the other four erected enough barracks to house the Rainbow Division which began to show up after a while. Then, after the other outfits had been training for three months in methods of warfare, the Engineers took two weeks' vacation and caught up to them. This ratio was about correct, considering their relative latent ability to absorb teaching.

Up in Chemin des Dames they spent most of their time digging trenches, stringing wire and killing cooties. Incidentally they lost a few men and won a few D. S. C.'s.

On the Toul front, they built an entire second position of defense, not to mention countless abris, P. C.'s, and dug-outs. Up in the Bois Brule they dug the Knight and Galvin trenches, cutting off a treacherous salient, aided at times by a semi-mutinous working detail of Infantry. (You couldn't blame them. I don't.)

At Seicheprey, A Company joined the 102d as Infantry and fulfilled their orders to hold their position at any cost. In Hickey's Raid, a detail of Engineers preceded the Infantry and blew the gaps in the wire through which the entire party passed.

At Chateau Thierry, after working under fire in front of Lucy-le-Bocage for two weeks and losing a number of men, two companies went over at Torcy on the morning of July 18. Again on the 22d the entire second battalion was called in as Infantry and partook in the capture of Epieds and Trugny. The following night the same battalion repaired a road in territory which was as much in Fritz's hands as our own. After the entire Infantry was relieved the Engineers stayed in another ten days, helping the 42d Division by keeping the roads passable and in repair.

At St. Mihiel the Engineers rebuilt in one night a mile and a half of the Grande Tranchee which had been totally obliterated by four years' bombardment by both the Allies and the Germans. This enabled the Artillery to follow up the quick advance of the Infantry. Two companies of Engineers took part in the Marcheville and Riaville feint on September 26, losing several men and capturing several prisoners.

North of Verdun it was the same old story, building roads and ducking G. I. cans.

In all, they lost about 75 men killed and four or five times that number wounded. Not a large casualty list, to be sure, but enough to prove they were there, anyway.

SAVE "OLD IRONSIDES"

Members of the YD Club were present at the docking of the U. S. Frigate Constitution on June 16th, at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

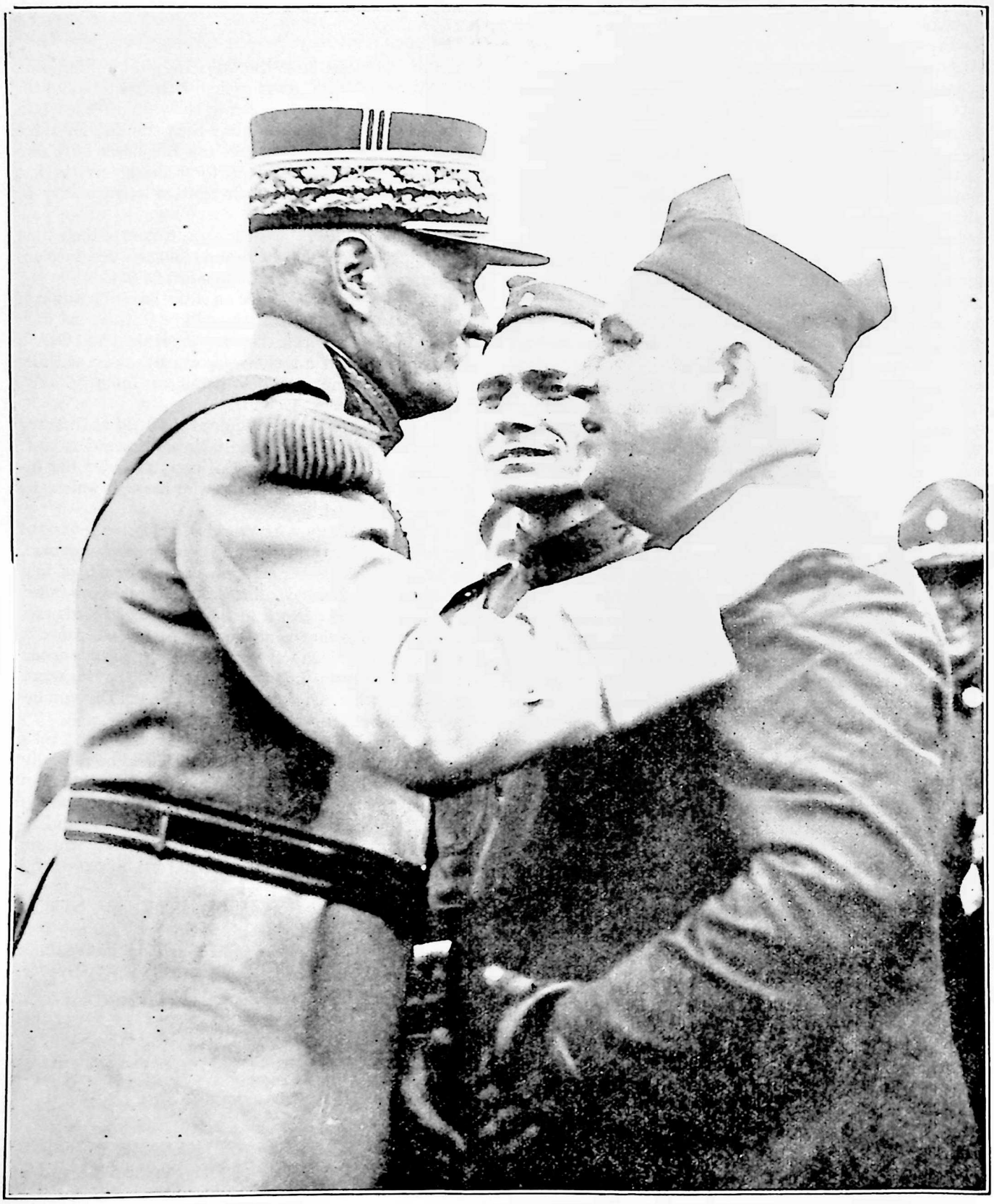
There were several hundred people present, including members of many other military organizations.

The splendid program was enjoyed by all those present.

SHOULD BE ABANDONED

This fad of fastening clusters of flags to the radiator caps of automobiles seems a cheapening of our national flag. The American flag ought to be kept for more dignified and more appropriate display. Many of these flags get torn and soiled after a few days' use and look disreputable. Good citizens will not indulge in this cheap flag waving.

—*Boston Post*



GENERAL PASSAGA GREETS WOUNDED MEN
Lieut. James E. Corbin and Sgt. John A. Dickerman of the 104th Infantry

SIDELIGHTS AT DEVENS ON PASSAGA DAY

Need we say that it was hot?

The Division was in place forty-five minutes before the time set for the great event. From where we sat we can say that they were warm also.

Good Samaritans kept the crowd of veterans cool by disappearing now and then to return with eight or ten bottles of tonic. Some fellows are born to be thoughtful and generous.

The movie shooters appeared early and amused themselves by occasionally stepping forth and shooting the "old guard" which was seated at the right of the reviewing stand.

The fire brigade had been on the parade ground for hours with their hose and their efforts were much appreciated by those of us who saw the review, and we guess that it made the marching easier also.

The M. P.'s were ordered to keep the ground clear in front of the seats occupied by the vets, but, as usual, there are always plenty of "wise guys" who like to spring their line and by the time the General arrived we should say that there were at least 167 mongrels between us and the said M. P.'s. Why go early when these birds hog everything?

The General arrived about four and a half minutes late and proceeded to a point immediately in front of the vets, amid real cheers. He was in full dress and sort of showed up the Division officers in their shirts and Sam Browns which did not even cover their belts. We would suggest an inspection for these officers similar to some that we can mention. We understand that these officers also objected to wearing their steel helmets because it was hot—How the army has changed!

The "Old Man" remained in the background, but he did not escape the notice of the vets, so he was lustily cheered. Somebody discovered Mrs. Edwards in the stand and she received her cheers with a sweet bow. Then cheers were given for everybody and thing that anyone could think of. It seemed to be getting hotter at this point.

When the General and the rest were seated the Division was reported in order and the command was given, "Colors and officers to be decorated and all colors front and centre." It was an impressive sight to see the colors appear at many points on our right and left, and march to a point at the centre of the division and then in massed formation march forward to meet the General, who also was marching toward them in company with his aide, General Logan, and Governor Fuller.

The vets cheered at the completion of each decoration.

The amalgamated bands next struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" followed by the "Marseillaise." We need not go into a symphony of words to express the emotions that pulsed through each veteran's frame as he stood uncovered listening to the strains that had drawn him to attention so many times. Let it suffice to say that we could entertain no feeling of regret that we had risked all that this pageant might be made possible, showing the condition of brotherhood that exists between two of the greatest Republics on the face of this earth.

The General and his party returned to the stand amid the plaudits and cheers of the crowd.

General Logan then gave the command for the Division to "Pass in review," and the parade started.

For more than an hour and a half uniformed ranks passed us. The 26th Division was dressed in its best. Company after Company was cheered by the vets for the line they held—some of these lines were a credit to any outfit. You cannot fool a vet and he lets his appreciation be known both ways—some companies received what might be called a "razz" when they showed us a waving rank.

A "battle of music" was kept up by the bands during this whole period and when the bands passed the reviewing stand at the end of the review the applause was long and hearty for them. They did good work.

The General again stood in front of the vets and this time he addressed us. His words have been reported in other columns, so let it suffice here to say that he was impressed, and so were we.

The rush to grab his hand at the completion of his words really threatened to take him from his feet. His aide and several others did their best to protect him. He appeared greatly pleased at this show of affection. Someone suggested that a line be formed and they meet the General one by one. It was amazing to note the rapidity with which those around the General complied with this suggestion. The line was formed and a good time was had by all.

"BILLY" McGINNIS was with us in his Legion uniform.

"RUSS" HARMON copped a seat in the General's Rolls Royce and saw the parade from there.

The boys gave JACK O'MEARA a fine cheer as he went by.

About 25 of the boys from the Club made the trip and they were royally treated by the 101st Infantry in the matter of food regardless of what outfit they were in during "The Big Parade."

—J. H.

THE 'EATHEN
By Rudyard Kipling

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the Regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

The young recruit is 'aughty—'e draf's from Gawd knows where;
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattress square;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't know no more—
An' then up comes 'is Company an' kicks 'im round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very hard;
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard;
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" which 'e'll swing for by-an'-by,
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e thinks o' suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is pride;
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

The young recruit is 'appy—'e throws a chest to suit;
You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;
'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word 'e slings;
An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

An', last, a Colour-Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,
'E schools 'is men at cricket, 'e tells 'em on parade;
They sees 'im quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,
An' so 'e talks to orficers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

An' now the hugely bullets come peckin' through the dust,
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;
So, like a man in irons, which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much
Excep' the not retreatin', the step an' keepin' touch,
It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op—
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all about the shop.

An' now it's " 'Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "Oo comes on?"
An' now it's "Get the doolies," an' now the Captain's gone;
An' now it's bloody murder, but all the while they 'ear
'Is voice, the same as barrick-drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till he feels 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day!

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own.
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the Non-commissioned Man!

GENERAL PASSAGA AT GLOUCESTER

On Sunday, July 3d, General F. F. G. Passaga, accompanied by his aide, Captain Gacon, was the guest of Congressman A. Piatt Andrew at his home, at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass.

Congressman Andrew had arranged for a very pleasant little luncheon to which he invited about fifteen former members of the Yankee Division. Following a rather strenuous program at Washington and other places, the General expressed keen delight at being present in the beautiful home of Mr. Andrew, where, for the time at least, he was able to get a little rest from the more formal engagements of his tour.

The luncheon itself gave clear indication of the great amount of thought which Mr. Andrew had given to it. The table was spread in a little building, erected in reproduction of an Adrian Barrack, facing upon one of the broad terraces which overlook the blue water of the harbor. Above the wide entrance were the colors of France and the United States, while the entire interior was beautifully decorated in a similar manner. The color scheme, red, white, and blue, was carried out even in the floral table decorations, which consisted of three large bouquets of red and white peonies and some blue flower.

Mr. Andrew's estate is a veritable museum of such objects as would interest any veteran of the war. There is not sufficient space to tell about them here. Sufficient to say, the General found much to interest him during the day and two nights that he spent there.

Following the luncheon, brief addresses were made by Major General Logan, State Commander McGinness, Col. Keville, Mr. Ralph Eastman, General Foote, and Mr. Andrew. To each of these General Passaga replied, his remarks being translated by Mr. Flamand, French Consul of Boston, The General distributed among the guests autographed pictures of himself, as souvenirs of the pleasurable occasion.

Another feature of the day took place in the morning preceding the luncheon, when General Passaga visited the quarters of the Gloucester Post of the American Legion. There he found quite a number of veterans of the 104th Infantry and a few of the men whom he had decorated in France. He also inspected the statue of Joan of Arc, which stands in front of the Legion building. This statue was the the gift of Mr. Andrew.

The following were present at the luncheon: Gen. Passaga; Capt. Gacon; Hon. A. Piatt Andrew; Brig.-Gen. Alfred Foote; Col. Paul J. Norton; Maj.-Gen. Edward L. Logan; Col. William J. Keville, President, Y. D. V. A.; Col. Carroll J. Swan, President, YD Club, William McGinnis, Commander Dept. of Mass. A. L.; Capt. William J. Blake, Regional Manager, U. S. Veterans Bureau; Maj. Edward J. Connelly, Ralph M. Eastman, Herman MacDonald, Secretary to Gov. Fuller; Maj.-Judson Hannigan, and Philip N. Sanborn, Editor of YANKEE DOINGS.

The General was kind enough to say that he considered his visit to Gloucester one of the most pleasant episodes of his entire stay in this country.

SEE THE BACK COVER IT MEANS YOU

BROTHERS IN ARMS IN WAR AND PEACE

By "Diablo"

What a contrast, the re-decoration of the colors of the 104th Regiment at Camp Devens on July 14, and the first decoration which took place practically within gun-shot of the front line. On that day the clouds were heavy with rain and "Sunny France" was never so drear and drab. The rumble of artillery could easily be heard in the distance and the roar of an airplane was audible as it winged its way toward the front. Lines of somber clad soldiery faced in a semi-circle the front where stood the Commanding Officers. The colors were marched to the center where the French Officers stood, clad in their uniforms of horizon blue, the only outstanding color in that group of men.

General Passaga attached the recognition of France for exceptional bravery to the staff of the colors and then decorated the most beloved commander the Regiment ever had, General Shelton, then Colonel, commanding the 104th Infantry. Then the decorating of a long line of individuals took place while the Regiment stood at attention. A memorable occasion, the full significance of the honor being lost at that time by the average individual, but the occasion today remains as the one outstanding event members of the Regiment witnessed as a body. It has been intensely magnified at this late date by the unveiling of the painting depicting the scene in our State House, and the re-decoration of the new colors of the Regiment.

The decorating of several individuals also will leave a lasting impression with the hundreds who witnessed the occasion. Men who have not been seen since demobilization were present and renewed the bonds of friendship so dear across the seas. Our wounded comrades were on hand to view the ceremony and the greeting by General Passaga to them has more than ever endeared him to those who still carry on.

It seemed but yesterday, in memory's mind, that we were marching through the devastated lands of France, slowly, but surely, forging ahead and making our presence felt to the enemy of then, but now, might one add, friends across the sea. The separating of the Regiment and taking over of the front line at Apremont, down in front of that frowning fortress, Fort Liouville. All around this section of the country were large and powerful forts situated on high hills commanding the low valleys that predominated. The three days of hell that made mere man seem but an empty boat tossed here and there, with no haven of refuge in which to rest from the maelstrom of shot and shell, will never be forgotten by those who were present. The lines wavered, went forward and backward, but the untried boys from the old Militia of Massachusetts grunted, hitched their belts up another notch and gave Jerry a little better than he sent. Across from the 104th was the premier fighting unit of the Prussian Guards, big strapping fellows, who, it seemed, loved to fight better than anything else. It clearly demonstrated that the spirit of our forefathers was as prominent as in the days of '76, and that although we are, or were, not a war-like nation, that it did not take us long to get going. One can safely state that the average doughboy over there was firmly convinced that he was as good as two or three of the German soldiers combined. The cost of those three days in death and wounds was appalling, but they carried on to the last man.

Our good old 102d Artillery were ever on the job and there is nothing in the world that gives the doughboy more confidence and a more secure feeling than to know that the old 75's are close at hand and all he has to do is ask for what he wants. As the 102d Field Artillery almost always backed up the advances of the 104th, it is not to be wondered at that we came to regard this outfit as our own, and were quite annoyed when it was assigned to some other outfit. The boys of the old 104th will always have a warm spot in their hearts for the 102d Field Artillery, such as was demonstrated by the recent reunion the 104th held in Boston when they invited the 102d Artillery to join with them in the celebration occasioned by the unveiling of the mural decoration at the State House. Let us not forget, also, that if the 103d Heavies were not with us at Apremont the fight would have been much warmer and perhaps not so successful. Perhaps in your own clubhouse friendly arguments are perfectly all right, but keep them to yourselves and don't pass it on outside.

To the new 104th, we pass into your keeping the honor we bought at so dear a price on the battlefield, and knowing the youth of 1917, I for one am sure this charge is not placed in unworthy hands. We will watch you and live in the hope that you will cherish this honor as dearly as we who have passed out of military channels.

General Passaga has sailed for his beloved France with the feeling of having done his duty well. He is an elderly man and his days are more closely numbered than those of many of us. Would it not be fitting that we should each year remember his birthday and send him a reminder that we have not forgotten our old Commander? For such he was in those days, and to him we owe undying gratitude for his wonderful leadership which made him one of the outstanding figures of the war. Joffre, Petaine, Foch and Passaga, who was the greater it is not for us to decide, but I for one will always remember General Passaga as our guiding spirit in our war babyhood days. A never-to-be-forgotten remark on his lips as he leaves us will make a lasting impression, "I am now ready to die." May He who guides our destinies and terminates our days on this earth, spare this gentleman of old France for many years to come and reward his final days with the utmost peace obtainable to an old soldier.

And so, in passing, let us assure our brothers in France of our renewed allegiance to them, that we are always standing by, and let us hope that when that day comes for the Last Post for the General, he will awake in more happy fields surrounded by his American boys, arm in arm with their French brothers, and let the revelry greet him with the tri-color and the stars and strips entwined around his staff. Perhaps we shall again pass in review before him, and those comrades who have gone before joining in joyful acclaim for the Grand Old Man of France. Finis.

NINE YEARS AGO

Nine years ago on Sunday, April 21st, found the company in Roulecourt after a stretch in the front lines. We had been pulled back after being relieved by another battalion, and we looked forward to a week or ten days of rest —if rest can be called the time spent in support positions. It would be a rest as far as "standing to" all night was concerned, and the constant strain of always expecting something to happen. Shells were dropped quite frequently in these support towns, but what mattered a few shells compared with the mud, the cramped quarters of the trenches, and the strain of always expecting something to happen. Such was the future we looked forward to on Sunday morning April 21st, 1918.

The usual rainy weather had set in and this particular Sunday found it coming down harder than usual—but again, what mattered a little rain when we had a roof over our heads, or at least, what was left of one, and to know we did not have to stand out in the rain all night and to slop around through the flooded trenches for the next few days.

We had been kept very much on the alert the day before by an intense artillery bombardment. To the right could be heard the "P-l-unk" of the big guns and the "Put-Put" of the machine guns. Shells had been falling to the right of the town in a field where a battery of artillery was firing as fast as they could load, and this accounted for the enemy's shells—trying to put this battery out of commission. Outside of a few shells landing too close to be comfortable, we in Roulecourt had nothing in the world on our minds except that we were back here, and we hoped the fellows up where all the noise was were having a good time too.

The rain kept us pretty much under cover throughout the day, and along towards night one of the boys came in with the news that there was going to be a show at the Y. M. C. A. hut that night. Great!—could anything be finer. The band would be there and the usual talent that the regiment had, and maybe a free bar of chocolate or a few cookies—May Be!!! We went over early so as to get a seat and to be down front, and above all, to be handy in case anything was given away. The band came in and with them we saw BILLY CONNERY and HUGHIE MADDEN, and we knew we were in for a great time. While the band was getting set, the Y. M. C. A. Secretary suggested that we sing a few songs—"There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding" and a few more of the Y. M. C. A. Specials, with the boys in the back singing some of their own verses. The band began to play "Over There," and we knew BILLY CONNERY would sing the chorus and then switch off and sing one verse in French much to the surprise of the Frog Soldiers.

There was a lot of commotion in the back of the hall and we turned around to see what it was all about and discovered that a Runner was pushing his way through the men. He finally reached the front and made the announcement: ALL MEN FROM H AND F COMPANIES WILL REPORT TO THEIR COMPANIES AT ONCE." Now what to H——do you suppose they want? If you ain't reporting for this, you are reporting for that. This d——army gives you a pain in the neck. Well, orders are orders and we left our seats and edged our way through the crowd and out into the rain, which was coming down harder than ever, back to our billets where we got the order to make up our packs and get ready to move out in ten minutes—the 102d has been shot up, and we must go over and relieve them "toot sweet." "This is a great army." "Just when you are happy and contented they have to spoil it." "Believe me, the next war I'm going to join the——"*All right you fellers outside—we move tonight, not tomorrow.*" We put on our packs and go out into the rain and fall in with our platoons. "*Platoons will follow each other at 50 yards, first platoon leading, squads right, march*"—and off we went up the street. Turning right towards the front, we catch the faint strains of the band playing, "I Don't Want to Get Well—I Don't Want to Get Well—For I'm having a Wonderful Time." We forget we were not there and start to hum, we are in that hut where it is dry and having a fine time—a gust of wind blows a sheet of rain in our faces and we hunched our shoulders and tried to protect ourselves as much as possible —"*All right back there, close up.*"—We quicken our stride to gain the distance we lost and another sheet of rain catches us in the face—"Ah! This is a Hell of a war." Such was nine years ago. —E. H. C.

YD POST No. 290 AMERICAN LEGION

At its meeting on Monday, July 11, YD Post No. 290, American Legion, elected officers for the ensuing year, with the following results:

Commander, ALBERT W. BARNARD; Senior Vice Commander, FRED T. WILSON; Junior Vice Commander, ALFRED V. DAY; Adjutant, ROBERT DUNCAN, JR.; Finance Officer, LEANDER H. REDFIELD; Sergeants-at-Arms, JOHN H. GOOD, H. STEVENS; Chaplain, REV. JOHNSON A. HAINES; Historian, REV. JOHNSON A. HAINES. Executive Committee: JAMES D. WOOD, EDWARD J. FERGUSON, JAMES H. LYNCH, JOHN F. MALONE, AUGUSTUS J. FURDON, WILLIAM A. BRADY, BERNARD F. MURDOCK. Delegates to State Convention: ALBERT W. BARNARD, JAMES D. WOOD, JAMES P. ROSE. Delegates to Suffolk County Council: ALBERT W. BARNARD, JAMES P. ROSE, JAMES J. MCKENDRY.

THE WOODPECKER OF LANE, S. D.

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Meditating on the Anvil Chorus: there is in the make-up of every man, no matter how high his character, something small, narrow and petty, known to Americans as "The Yellow Streak," which is bound to come to the surface some time or other.

It is but regrettable that men such as Pershing, Bullard, Liggett, and Kipling should thus degrade themselves in the esteem of comrades-in-arms equally as valorous as they.

Philosophy of —"THE WOODPECKER"

YD VETS GUESTS ABOARD STEAMER

A large group of YD veterans and women friends were guests on the steamer King Philip, Sunday, July 10, when she started on her first fishing trip of the season off Boston light. The privilege of rechristening the King Philip was given the prettiest girl aboard.

LOOT, ALIAS SALVAGE

"If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg behind the keeper's back,
If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,
You will understand this little song o' mine."

Pheasant eggs and ganders weren't so much in our line, and loot was more often referred to as salvage, but the time-honored practice to which Mr. Kipling so feelingly refers was developed to a high state of perfection by the late A. E. F. "Say, buddy, where'd you get the doggy new putties?" "Salvaged 'em, soldier, salvaged 'em."

Loot, or salvage, in the argot of the Yank, didn't refer necessarily to merchandise, equipment, food or whatnot captured from the enemy or redeemed from destruction. It was a term applied to anything whatever, animate or inanimate, movable or immovable, animal, mineral or vegetable, which came into the possession of a soldier through any means whatever, legal or illegal, except by the regular channels of requisition and issue.

The distinguishing features which made the subject so fascinating, either in actual participation or in retrospect, were the astounding diversity of materials offering themselves to be salvaged and the wide variety of means conceived and adopted to bring about the desired result.

The typical doughboy displayed also a facility for discarding all impedimenta not essential to his personal comfort. His creed was simple. What he had and wanted, he hung onto. What he had, but didn't want, he promptly lost. What he didn't have and didn't want, he forgot. What he wanted, but didn't have, he went and got.

In the first category, condiment cans and tent pins went first; later it was found that a mess kit, a rifle and one blanket were sufficient for all purposes. The rest was "lost in action."

But it was in the realm of things to be desired but not to be issued that his true genius was manifest. One of our earliest experiments in the science of salvage had a peaceful and contented British cow as one of the principal actors, although an uninterested and somewhat bored one. We wanted milk, the cow had milk, we took it—in the usual and customary manner.

A stove being a comfortable adjunct to tent life in October, one was salvaged from the front porch of a nearby house. Its erstwhile owner was sadly lacking in enthusiasm at our initiative when he discovered the loss. Fuel was then salvaged by the simple expedient of cutting up the floors of the unoccupied tents in the camp. This required a certain degree of circumspection.

One time we thought we needed a pair of shoes. The Supply Sergeant thought differently, didn't have our size. This condition obtained for some time. The month was June, the weather hot and dusty. We decided on action. Donning a pair of hip rubber boots we cut our old pair of hob-nails to ribbons and "lost" them. The skipper walking down the sun-baked street, mopping his brow, encountered a rubber booted buck private. Ensued the following dialogue. "What is the idea of the gum-shoes?" "I haven't any shoes, sir." "Haven't any shoes? What do you mean?" "Just that, sir, I Haven't any shoes." "Have you seen the Supply Sergeant?"

"Yes sir, he says he hasn't got my size." "We'll see about it." "Very good, sir." Next morning we got our shoes.

One of the oddest things ever salvaged was a bee hive. Its loss came near being the cause of an international dispute and the breaking off of diplomatic relations. But it was returned—clandestinely—minus the honey.

Not every episode of salvaging gave joy to a whole community. A couple of buddies in our company had the good fortune to find three or four bushels of real anthracite coal. Its intended destination remains clouded in mystery. Its actual destination is evident. Madame who owned their billet was so overcome with emotion at the sight of a coal fire that she invited in every other madame in the village to marvel at the spectacle. Accustomed as she was to going without warmth, she went on a thermal jag and stoked up a conflagration that sent the Yanks out the door gasping for air.

One time we lost our mess kit. Most losses were not serious. This was exceedingly so. For a day or two we had to wait until some kind friend had finished his chow, borrow his kit, and take a chance we were not too late. This grew irksome. Seeing the officers' mess kits laid in a row to dry by the officers' cook, we salvaged a nice shiny one with all the tools. To take one from an enlisted buddy would have meant murder and crucifixion. But an officer—well—we never heard from it.

Up in the Verdun sector we came into possession of half a dozen bicycles. How they got there God knows. The long hike after the armistice offered the rare spectacle of captains on horseback, lieutenants and sergeants on foot, and six buck privates riding along behind on bicycles. Later the colonel decided he would like them, whereupon we surrendered two, ran three of them into trees, and managed to keep one out of sight for our own use.

One more incident. Your own memory will add a thousand others. Disease, overwork and starvation had seriously depleted our supply of horses and mules. After an entire afternoon of strategy and hard labor we succeeded in corralling a bony specimen of horse-flesh apparently ownerless. That night Jake was on guard at the stable. We had no picket line, the animals were kept inside. Jake knew nothing of the new horse. Pushing open the stable door to cop a snooze until his relief was due, he fell flat in the dark over a soft and inert object. Our new acquisition had given up the ghost and got his name on the casualty list.

Among salvage we have seen, the following objects come to memory, but the list is sadly incomplete: a tall silk hat, proudly worn by its owner above his O. D. uniform; an entire wild boar, shot, dressed down and barbecued; an old-fashioned spinning wheel; an aluminum saucepan fitted over the lower end of a full pack; a German police dog, very much alive; and a delicious tapioca pudding, purloined from the officers' mess to grace the enlisted man's table.

Let DOINGS hear your tales of "salvage." —P. N. S.

OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

We have seen no more stirring tribute to the memory of our departed comrades than the following lines from the gifted pen of Bill Cunningham, of the *Boston Post*. Though they were not written in connection with our Memorial or any memorial, they are so appropriate to this place that we reprint them here.

"If they do look back from beyond the cold white stars, they must know that we haven't forgotten—that we can never forget.

"To those of us who marched with them, sang with them, shared with them, endured with them, they have not died—they can never die so long as one of us lives on to remember.

"They have merely passed upward and onward to the Everlasting Parade, a great shining division, white in the splendor of self sacrifice, glorified in heroic records that thrill the sons of men forever, marching down the years in the old formations, swinging down the roads of memory to the same old songs, buddies of ours—God rest them, still—our Battalions in the Great Beyond.

"Ten years can do fantastic things to nations and to peoples.

"But 10 years nor 10,000 years can ever sever the nexus that bind us in everlasting comradeship to that invisible band out yonder that once walked and breathed and bled beside us through the most cataclysmic hours in the story of man.

"That comradeship was forged in the red flame of battle. The thunder of the guns was its awful notary; life's blood its sealing token. They died—so say the records—and the physical part of them did die, perhaps, but their ideals, their high hopes, their dreams, their gallant contributions live on, and they are not and can never be forgotten."

One of the finest bits of sentiment we have come across since the beginning of the Memorial drive was the action of a veteran of the 101st Infantry who gave $5.00 saying that it was in memory of a certain man from his home town and that he planned to put $5.00 in the fund for every man from his town who served in the YD and who was killed overseas. Such thoughts as these are indeed inspiring!

FROM TEXAS

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Just a few lines from "Where Sunshine Spends The Winter," incidentally, news from quite a few of our old buddies whom I had the good fortune to meet here during the period June 20-25, attending the convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War.

I met and had a delightful chat with J. H. HOLLAND, of 14½ Marietta Street, Atlanta, Georgia, formerly of Company A, 101st Engineers. He wants to be remembered to all the gang from the pick and shovel outfit.

The following other members of the Yankee Division honored our city with their presence during the above period, but due to shortage of time and business matters interfering, I could not meet them all personally:—

JAMES W. REESE, 102d Infantry, Des Moines, Iowa.

PAT. I. KELLY, 102d Ambulance Co., Cambridge, Mass.

C.S. HALVERSON, 102d M.G. Bn., Bremerton, Washington.

G. W. STEWART, 104th Infantry, Rahway, N. J.

GEO. J. NEBHAW, 102d Infantry, William Beaumont General Hospital, El Paso, Texas

—LEON F. DENIS (104th Infantry)

El Paso, Tex.
July 1, 1927.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS
By Charles F. Adams

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house,
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und everyding dots oudt,
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots snuff into mine kraut,
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,
Dot vas der roughest chouse,
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,
Mine cracious dot vas drue;
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
He kicks oup sooch a touse,
But nefer mind, der poys was few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese;
Who baints mine nose so red,
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth place oudt
From der hair ubon mine hed,
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Ven e'er der glim I douse,
How gan I all dese tings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful times enshoy,
But ven he vas ashleep in ped
So quiet as a mouse
I prays der Lord dake anydings
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss.

SEE THE BACK COVER HOW ABOUT IT?

CAPTAIN EDWIN M. BRUSH

Fate, the Pilot who stands at the helm of that ship which carries us from launching to landfall, speaks many other craft on the long journey. The ships that pass,—the dear friends we make,—have set sail from many and distant ports, they cross our path and sail on to far and quiet harbors.

CAPTAIN EDWIN M. BRUSH (101st Engineers)

Many years ago two men came into one another's lives. Classmates in college, they later became even more closely united by those ties which bind men who stand eye to eye with Death. In 1917, two Captains in the same regiment, CARROLL J. SWAN, of D Company, EDWIN M. BRUSH, of E and later of F Company, 101st Engineers, led their men out of the massive old armory, off into the Unknown. Fate had chartered their courses in the same deep channel.

Ten years have elapsed. The hand at the helm of one ship has guided it into pleasant waters. For many months the other helmsman has furrowed the distant, midnight seas. Last night, he made port. And once more, across the vast spaces, we heard the call "Sail-Ho," as the phantom ship passed the sun-washed sails of the living one.

Standing high in the esteem and affection of his comrades, as the President of their club, at one of the greatest moments of his popularity and success, the one captain heard the call of the other who had dropped anchor in his last harbor.

Comradeship, sentiment, humor and happiness mingled at the reception to General Passaga. It was a milestone in the history of our Division. Joy was written on every face. As if pre-ordained, the singer whose splendid voice had thrilled the men, chose as an encore a beautiful song of hope eternal.

With choked voice and moist eyes, the President arose to announce that good, old EDDIE BRUSH had answered the reveille of the celestial bugler.

No greater tribute hath any man than that his passing shall bring tears to the eyes of those who loved him. Such a man was EDDIE BRUSH.

The song, which so fittingly preceded our knowledge of his going, has appeared in these pages before. In memory of this beloved soldier and gentleman, we print it again.

"I tell you they have not died,
  They live and breathe with you;
They walk here at your side,
  They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod
  When you can feel their breath—
When flower and soul and God
  Know there is no death?

"Death's but an open door,
  We move from room to room.
There is one life no more,
  No dying and no tomb.
Why seek ye them above,
  Those that ye love so dear?
The all of God is love,
  The all of God is here.

"I tell you they have not died—
  Their hands clasp yours and mine;
They are but glorified,
  They have become divine.
They live!—they know!—they see!
  They shout with every breath:
Life is eternity!
  There is no death."

—P. N. S.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

EDWIN M. BRUSH was born in October 1878, at Moorestown, New Jersey, the son of Edward Clifford and Cornelia (Woods) Brush. He was educated in the schools of Richmond, Virginia, and Brookline (Mass.) High School. He entered Harvard University, graduating in the Class of 1901.

At approximately the time of his graduation from college, he entered the 1st Corps of Cadets, serving continuously in that organization until it became the 1st Massachusetts Engineers and later the 101st U. S. Engineers in the spring of 1917. During this period, he was advanced step by step to the rank of Captain, which office he held at the outbreak of the war.

During the period of training and in overseas service,

until February 1918, Captain Brush was the Commanding Officer of E Company. At that time, he was transferred, taking command of F Company of the same regiment.

Except for a brief period during which he commanded C Company, he remained in command of F Company, until the regiment was mustered out of service on April 29, 1919. E Company never ceased mourning his loss, and F Company became the envy of all others in possessing a leader of his acknowledged ability as a builder of morale.

In private life, Captain Brush was engaged in the insurance business for many years. He was a member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, the YD Club of Boston, the 101st Engineers Veterans Association, and of the Brookline Lodge of Masons. He was active in the compiling and writing of "The History of E Company, 101st Engineers," "The Story of F Company," and "The History of the 101st United States Engineers."

He was unmarried and is survived by his father. His death at his home, 9 Hawes Street, Brookline, was the result of an illness of several months' duration. Funeral services were held from the Church of Our Savior, Brookline, on Sunday, July 10, and burial was at Mt. Auburn Cemetery.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

The Second Annual Picnic of the YD Club, of Portland, was held at Old Falls, June 19th. The majority of the Club members with their families were present, also visitors from Biddeford, Saco, Westbrook and Boston, among them being FRANCIS MITCHELL (B Company, 104th Infantry) Springfield, Mass., who came with intentions of catching a lot of fish, but instead, had the usual "fisherman's luck."

After all the party arrived, the ladies got the lunch ready while the children played in a nearby sawdust pile.

Among the sports was the baseball game between teams representing the Portland Club and the visitors, resulting in a win for the locals, 5-4. Dr. C. Eugene Fogg, of the Ralph B. Caldwell Post A. L., volunteered to umpire the game. He started out bravely, but his decisions were favoring the visitors and soon HAROLD KEATING, from the home team, batted a hot liner into the Dr.'s shins, thus bringing his career as an umpire to a sudden end. GEORGE MCCANN (101st Engineers) of Sanford, continued behind the plate, and with his help the Portland team won.

The only casualty among the players was THOMAS SMITH (101st Engineers) who was beaned by the pitcher of the visitor's team. Dr. Fogg examined him and reported no bones broken.

The party was called together for eats by the blowing of mess call and thus the day's activities came to an end, and the happy, but tired, folks returned home by the way of Sanford, led by George McCann.

We believe that the Club's medal for bravery (or perhaps gall) for umpiring the ladies' ball game, should go to FRANK DENSMORE. We haven't found out which side won.

The joint meeting was held the last Thursday in June, which brought the Club's activities to a close until September, although the auxiliary will continue meetings once a month during July and August.

PERCY WITHAM is attending camp with Battery A, 240th Art. He took part in the parade the 4th, being right guide and making a splendid man for the job. He also holds the rank of 2d Lt. in the O. R. C.

For some time the President of the Portland YD Club has been wanting me to write for the Club. I held back for some time hoping that somebody better fitted for the work would volunteer. They were all too busy, so the President taking a mean advantage of our friendship, picked on me. He told me to write so that it would be interesting and informative and admonished me not to be so technical that the average reader would fall asleep over it. With these few kind words, he pushed me over the brink, threw the typewriter after me and told me to save myself, if I could.

If my efforts in the past few months have proved interesting to the readers of YANKEE DOINGS, I shall be pleased. If the articles have been rotten, blame the editor and accept my apologies.

To those who have been of great help to me in preparing these articles, my sincere appreciation.

—"MINNIE LA TOUR."

YD POST, A. L., OUTING AT FIELDSTON

The YD Post, A. L., held an outing at Fieldston, Marshfield, Mass., on Sunday, June 19th, which was attended by a large crowd from the Post, their families and friends, not leaving out the sweethearts of some of the boys. The unsettled weather made the party late leaving the clubhouse, and no doubt was responsible for keeping many away. Still, the crowd exceeded that of last year by far, there being over one hundred present. Light showers kept most of the people near cover, to partake of the lunches most everyone brought. The sun finally broke through and the crowd, led by the Post Commander (in a special hat he had for the occasion), made its way to the ball field, where, after much figuring, a ball game got started between the married and the single men.

The line-up at the start of the game was as follows: MARRIED MEN,—MURDOCK, P.; WELSH, C.; LYNDELL, 1b.; SMITH, 2b.; BRYDEN, 3b.; GOOD, SS.; FERGUSON, LF.; NICHOLS, CF. SINGLE MEN:—GOLDIE, P.; GREELEY, C.; DAVIS, 1b.; DAY, 2b.; ZOLLINGER, 3b.; ROBERTS, SS.; BROWN, RF.; BEN JAMES, CF.; and SOUZA, LF. (This was the line-up at the beginning of the game, only). It would take more space than the DOINGS could afford to put in the changes that took place during the game. Lest we forget, there were also umpires in the persons of UNCLE WOODS and GUS FURDON. The first inning brought in six runs for the married men and two for the single men. The second inning brought in 9 runs for the single men, and—well anyway—at the end of the 6th, when the game was called, the score was 13 to 12 in favor of the single men. There were many spectacular plays worth mentioning here, in fact, they came so fast that we could not keep track of them. AVON SMITH walked to first twice, due to his connection with the ball, or rather the connection of the ball with him. After the second hit, we began to wonder if the pitcher held a grudge, or if Avon figured that was the best way to get on first. A ball was hit high in the air and started its downward course in the direction of Ben James, who held his arms ready to receive it in real baseball fashion. His judgment was great, because the ball landed right in his hands — then — continued its downward motion to the ground. This same play was repeated some time later in the game by PHIL SOUZA. JOCK MALONE, running for GOLDIE, steals third, gets hit with

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"DIABLO" TAKES A LITTLE TRIP

At the recent reunion of the 104th, several of my former Liberty Torch bearers succeeded in impressing upon my disillusioned mind that if one of the YD insignias were installed upon my radiator (of course you understand I am referring to my automobile, if such it might have been called) few, if any, of the police officers in and around Boston would fail to give me an even break, if unfortunately I should violate some traffic regulation. Therefore, handing out one buck fifty for the pretty little thing, I promptly installed the same upon my car, and sallied forth to see just what would happen.

Buzzing merrily down Atlantic Avenue, a pedestrian decided that the middle of the street was considered a sidewalk for his own use, and consequently he received a little scare. Of course, I was at fault—did you ever know anyone driving an automobile who was not at fault when a near accident occurred—and after my victim recovered his equilibrium he forthwith delivered a first-class oration on dumb automobile drivers. During his treatise, which was very much interspersed with red hot words, he discovered the YD on my radiator. This called for a lengthy condemnation of all ex-soldiers. Well—traffic was milling all around us and finally up came an officer who desired to know the cause of my obstruction of traffic. He did not get far with his questions as my oppressor certainly laid down the law and so forth to the officer and me together. It ended by both the pedestrian and me being conducted to those spacious halls of justice where I was exonerated and my befuddled opponent spent the night within walls which do prisons make, no matter what you say. And so away I went again, wondering if the emblem had been of any assistance.

About three weeks later I disposed of my Ford and purchased a considerably larger car. Desiring to know just how fast it would go—queer how people like to know how fast a car will go—I started on a journey to Providence. You all know what a lovely road that is and consequently I stepped on the gas and soon was doing forty-five (don't give a derisive laugh, it really can do that) although I thought at any moment it might accumulate wings and start its ascent to the heaven for mistreated cars, when suddenly upon my ear fell the "put-put-put"—well you know what. The usual greetings were exchanged and as the majestic representative of the law stepped in front of my boat to compare the registration number, his eagle eye fell upon my beautifully polished YD. It made no impression, although I noted an ex-service man's button upon him. No more need be said,—I got the summons and it cost me ten dollars. Lucky you say? Well, this figured up to $11.50 I had spent by putting faith in the emblem. Consequently, I began to look upon it as useless, but every road must have a turn in it.

Purring along—this one doesn't groan and grunt as if it was soon to be no more—up through Vermont where the roads are not what they should be, I again ran afoul of the law. This time I found myself in the clutches of two constables who hang around the road looking for just such suckers as I. The formalities gone through, the high Sheriff, Constable, Police Officer, Magistrate, etc., began an interesting conversation on "Who Won the War?" Being right in my glory, I immediately informed him the YD was the only outfit that ever entered the lines in France and was repudiated by all the Big Guns. Of course, I could not say that it had really won the war, but it sure would have been lost without my assistance. I started out to be sarcastic as I knew these birds all got a rake-off for every motorist they pinched, but before much time had passed I was the recipient of an invitation to stay over night and meet some of the boys in town who had served with the YD. I really got to like the old fellow and had a fine visit with him, but he failed to rake up any of the YD men, but succeeded in getting three Marines and a Gob.

The Marines had served at Paris Island, and the Gob at Commonwealth Pier, so, between them all, I could lie like the devil, and who was to be the wiser. Yes Sir, the YD ranks ace high up through Vermont, so fling wide your emblems when you tour through those mighty and majestic mountains. The Sheriff will stop you and take all the dope, but there is no chance at all of your having to pay a fine, as this grand old boy told me that the following is observed up there, "Let the YD boys come and we will give them a damn good time and it will not cost a penny." Just what he means is still a mystery to me, because after that hard cider began getting to work, the party broke up in a roughhouse brawl and I slept in my car all night. If that is his idea of a good time, it sure lets me out. The cost in my expense account for Seidlitz Powders is something terrific for the past month.

Continuing my trip I went over the Border, and I will tell you those Canadian Boys sure treat us just as nice as they did overseas. Many was the hand wave and shouted greeting I received from the roadside which I know came about by the emblem on the radiator. Down through Maine I made my return and I received many a hearty greeting. I have in my short and innocent life done quite a little traveling, but never have I received such jovial greetings as I did on this trip. It seems that the emblem brings back the old feeling of comradeship so dear to those of us who cherish the friendships made in years gone by. Gone though they are, they remain in my hope-chest, now dormant, patiently awaiting Judgment Day.

Now the Club does not give me any commission for the selling of those emblems, so don't get the idea this is simply a sales talk. I am forever on the trail of prospects to sell something that I may eat my beans on Saturdays, but because I am an apology for a salesman is no reason why I should write sales stories.

It is my earnest advice to every "Ex." entitled to show this marker on his car, to purchase one, for you can never tell when it will turn the dark skies to a golden hue. I have sat by the roadside on many an occasion and hashed the war over with another ex-soldier, after he, usually a mounted officer, has overtaken me for committing some

(*Concluded on page 33*)

YD CLUB OF WASHINGTON RECEPTION AND DINNER TO GENERAL PASSAGA

On the evening of June 28, General F. F. G. Passaga, former commander of the 32d French Army Corps, was tendered a testimonial dinner and reception by the YD Club of Washington, at the Hotel Wardman Park.

Invitations were extended to the entire New England Congressional Delegation, also to General Pershing, General Edwards, American Generals who had commanded the American Army and Corps, and to the Generals who were occupying official positions in Washington.

Major Glassford was appointed Chairman of the Arrangements Committee, with full power to appoint all subcommittees. In the absence of the President of the Club, Major Coupal, attending the President at South Dakota; the Vice-President, Ralph H. Hallett, and Colonel Redmond acted as a reception committee to receive General Passaga on his arrival in Washington. This was done and the War Department sent a delegation of Staff Officers to welcome the General to the Capitol. There were 75 members and guests present, and among the guests were the following:

Count Sertiges, Charge d'Affaires of the French Embassy, F. Trubee Davidson, Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation, General Summerall, Chief of Staff, General Ely, in command of the Army War College, General Dickman, retired, General Aultman, General Rockenbach, General Lejeune, Commander of the Marine Corps, Congressman Royal Johnson, Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers.

There were also several members from the French Embassy, including Major Lombard, Military Attache.

The speakers of the evening were Generals Summerall, Ely, Lejeune, Count Sertiges, Congressman Royal Johnson and Mrs. Rogers. All these speakers spoke most feelingly of their admiration and affection for the guest of the evening and pointed out that he was not only one of the most successful generals of the French Army as a fighter, but also one of the most loved and respected generals by all of the men and officers who were under him.

INSPIRING LEADER

There was seriousness and play mixed in the welcome to Passaga. Gen. Summerall related how inspiring was his leadership, how sympathetic was his consideration of A. E. F. problems and how he never allowed an achievement by an American soldier to go without recognition. He called the distinguished guest "a champion morale builder" of the American forces.

"You came to the war when France was bled white and you saved liberty and the world; and I bring you tonight my felicitations," was the simple, soldierly response of the Gray Falcon of France, who commanded the spearhead of the epic resistance of the French armies at Verdun and who is affectionately known in New England as the foster-father of the Yankee or 26th Division.

Maj-Gen. John A. Lejeune, commandant of the marine corps, told how Gen. Passaga, notified that the 2d division had captured its first prisoners, rushed to the front—for he was hailed as a general who was really at the front in person—kissed the lieutenant responsible and handed him 1500 francs. The hardy leader of the leathernecks was almost overcome as he attempted to tell how much he personally thinks of General Passaga.

BORN SOLDIER

Maj.-Gen. Hanson B. Ely, commandant of the army war college, paid tribute in like vein and said that the 1st as well as the 26th division had served in Gen. Passaga's army corps. Passaga, he said, is the born soldier.

Col. Paul J. Norton, Springfield, commander of the 104th Infantry, hailed Passaga as another ambassador of good will who will be to this country what Lindbergh was to France. As he told of the general's plans to redecorate the regimental colors, Col. Norton said: "This will make them so valuable that it is impossible for me to express what I feel in my heart toward him and his country." Col. Norton made the arrangements for Gen. Passaga's tour and is in his escort.

Mrs. John Jacob Rogers, of Lowell, representing the Massachusetts delegation in Congress, was introduced by Col. Ralph Hallett, toastmaster, with a flattering tribute for her work for the disabled veterans. She was the only woman among the guests and promised Gen. Passaga royal greeting in Massachusetts.

LETTER FROM ROOSEVELT

Gen. Passaga responded in French and afterward Brig.-Gen. Alfred F. Foote, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, commissioner of public safety, and 104th regiment veteran, read a translation.

This was a most interesting talk outlining the struggles of the Allies and of the enemy, and then showing that the Germans had been able to accomplish by propaganda what they had been unable to accomplish by arms and that the Allies were in a most despondent frame of mind and in a position where the outcome was very bad unless some outside assistance was received. He then outlined in the finest terms the ability of the Americans in organizing themselves so completely and whole heartedly for the task before them in such a short space of time. The whole tenor of the speech was not only most complimentary, but most impressive.

Gen. Passaga had his French aide read a letter he received from Theodore Roosevelt thanking Passaga for a letter expressing sorrow for the loss of Quentin Roosevelt, and Gen. Passaga then paid a beautiful tribute to Roosevelt, who gave four sons to the war.

Gen. P. D. Glassford, of the war college, was master of ceremonies, and kept things moving in lively fashion, but he couldn't persuade the generals present to sing by themselves, that verse of "Hinky-Dinky, Parlez-vous," telling how the general who got the Croix de Guerre was never there, so the company sang it for them.

Major Glassford had arranged a most interesting entertainment, including skits and jokes, and dances by Miss Davis, a former Earl-Carroll Vanities member, a review by the St. Partick Players, French Songs, and moving pictures of the decoration of the 104th Regiment by the guest of honor.

STRIKING MENU

The menu cards contained a reproduction of the mural painting in the Massachusetts State House, showing Passaga decorating the colors of the 104th, and Gen. Passaga saw motion pictures of the actual occurrence. The cards also quoted this from Gen. Passaga's citation to the 104th; "With such men as these, the cause of liberty is sure to triumph." The YD men who "ran the show" were designated as follows: Ralph H. Hallett, "captain of the mess line"; P. D. Glassford, "top sergeant and hard boiler"; Jack S. Connolly, "chief K. P. and money changer"; and John F. J. Herbert, "keeper of the cellar key." Col. Herbert who could not attend, is prohibition administrator for the District of Columbia and Maryland.

ONE ON GENERAL FOOTE

General Foote, called upon to cut a cake with sabre, was puzzled to learn why the sabre wouldn't work until the "cake" was revealed as a round wooden container frosted.

General Passaga was entertained at tea at the French Embassy on the afternoon of June 29, and that night was the guest of General Summerall, at dinner. On Thursday, the 30th, he visited the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and Washington's home at Mt. Vernon. On Friday, July 1st, he made a tour of inspection of the Military Academy at West Point.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY

By Richard Washburn Child

Readers of YANKEE DOINGS, who are as much interested in affairs of the present as in reminiscences of the past, will find much to interest them in these excerpts from an article, "Imperialism; War; Inside Jobs," by Richard Washburn Child, reprinted from the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is a splendid answer to that group of citizens which constantly feels that whatever America does is wrong. After reading it, we had hard work restraining three loud cheers.

Those who are shouting against imperialism are a good deal like those who turn in an alarm after the fire is out.

Nationalism is still strong. Apparently the radicals who condemn even peaceful nationalism in the United States or in Italy, or in any other nation, find it a virtue in China, where it even becomes frankly and violently anti-foreign.

I have attended recently meetings of earnest Americans where foreign policy was discussed and argument of heat was expended upon affairs in Mexico, in Albania, in China. Nearly everything said, nearly every opinion expressed, was based upon a world of yesterday. Revolution in Mexico or China and all so-called nationalistic aspirations were compared with the revolt of the American colonies which gave rise to the federation of the United States. What was overlooked completely was that in the revolt of the American colonies a comparatively high type of pioneer, capable of order, free from fanaticism, particularly of the superstitious kind, struggled successfully for self government. Though French and Germans, Irish and Italians gave aid, there was no inside job done by any foreign nations in instigating or leading our revolt.

The fight for American liberty was carried on by a responsible people who erected and maintained the best self-governing machinery the world has known. They aspired within their capacity.

To fail to distinguish between a mob, shouting and violent, aflame with high-sounding slogans, and a people capable of making those slogans realities, is to be snared into the traps of gibberish. Assuming the right of any sheep herd to declare itself carnivorous and ready to meet the wolves in combat and prepared, on its wool, to soar aloft with the eagles, it is probably unethical and unfriendly to encourage that herd in such ideals. We may stand aside as much as we can while the stampede goes by. But why cheer?

The determination of two questions is necessary: Are we prepared to assert that our civilization should not be pushed out among peoples who need it and want it, because it is a civilization not so good as their own? Do the mass of the people really desire to exclude our civilization?

It is fashionable among the softer type of stay-at-home and pink internationalists to give to these questions the following answers: 1. Almost any civilization is more spiritual and philosophical and older and more respectable than ours. 2. Of course these backward peoples do not want our intervention, our investment, our co-operation!

It is absurd to make heroic and paint as beautiful civilizations which in comparison to ours are distinguished by certain unregenerate characteristics and by the lamentable results of their philosophies and developments as compared with our philosophy and development. It means very little that such countries, in their degeneracy, can point to art, literature and philosophy which came in a day now gone, from the skins of the many for the enjoyment of the few.

A house which has forty rooms, with great beauty and luxury in only one room, and filth, stench and suffering in all the others, may be fine for one inmate, but not so much of a house from the point of view of the thirty-nine others. A civilization which, after thousands or hundreds of years of trial, consists now in the main of millions of unfortunates who are exploited by their own kind and have never had any civilization distributed to their doorsill, is a sick and backward nation.

If anyone tries to say that "backward" is the wrong word and that such civilizations as need the assistance of exchange, investment, teaching, education, sanitation, orderliness from the outside world are superior, or if left to stew in their own grease are likely to become superior, tell him or her to pack up his mawkish sentimentality and take it for a real view of the masses of unfortunate, poor, starved, unclothed, illiterate, diseased, dirty sufferers. So, for instance, in China today, where more than 85 per cent are utterly poverty-stricken and illiterate, and where, as one who knows China must know, there is not yet education nor preparedness nor practice for a cohesive self-government, and where every worm that is put together at once falls into two parts which wiggle against each other, the

propaganda is that foreigners must leave, they must take their influence away. For what purpose? To help the masses of suffering Chinese? Oh, no. To move out so that subversive impractical foreign influences may move in. That is the kind of inside job going on in China.

There is not a government which will not yield its treaty rights when there is in existence any Chinese Government able to guarantee order or protection of life and property, not only for foreigners but even for its own existence and for its own natives.

For some time now there has been a great clatter about the foreign concessions in China. I have been in them. There are not many and they are usually very small districts administered efficiently by foreigners.

In a zigzag journey across China, whenever I saw, far away, a clean spot with some green on it, I knew I was approaching a place where, whether a concession or not, foreigners lived.

This damage to China! How does the world with a sense of humor hear of that scandal without uproarious laughter? Commerce through developed ports—damage to China! Operating railways—now wrecked by the Chinese themselves—damage to China! Medical centers, educational centers, development of modern industrial and commercial methods—damage to China!

The cry of imperialism is the cry of the inside job—the cry of the forces of subversion, disorder and confusion. When I hear an American talking about imperialism as a great menace to the world in these days, I wonder who has been working on him.

Everybody in the world admires certain phases of Chinese civilization and certain charming lovable qualities in the Chinese people.

But I never could see that love for a people, whether they be Mexicans or Chinese or any other nation of illiterate and impoverished masses, expressed itself very intelligently when it cheered the masses on to folly.

If the foreigner has a contract to improve canals or roads, he does not spend the money on a marble boat to use as tea house. In the foreigners' case the job is done. And then begins the wail of imperialism.

YD POST, A. L. OUTING

(*Continued from page 24*)

the ball in doing so, and gets sent back to first, which raised the wrath of the single team, especially the pitcher, but the decision was upheld by the umpire and Jock remained on first. Due to decisions of this kind, a question was raised in the single men's ranks as to whether the umpires were married or single. Many real good plays were made and no doubt the titles of heavy hitters of the YD League could be conferred upon WALLY DAY and HOWARD DAVIS, because they hit some real shots to the great spaces beyond the outfield. A word should be said at this time of the cheering section, which consisted of SAM BOWERS. It seems that Sam was cheering for both sides, and he did a good job of it.

After the game, the crowd went down to the beach where they watched the waves roll in. CARTER, LYNDELL, DAVIS, CRESSWELL and wife were the only ones that had the courage to face the cold winds in a bathing suit and take a dip. A game of duck on the rock got started at this time, and rocks, from the size of an apple to that of a good sized boulder, were flying thick and fast for a while, and unlike most games of this kind, no casualties were reported. The game was stopped when some of the boys started to pass around free chocolates which proved to be a new brand with rock centres.

Due to the frequent showers during the day, games for ladies were called off. Observing some of the ladies who were amusing themselves by playing catch, there are hopes at the next outing of having a ladies' team who will play the winning team between the married and single men, providing that a husband, brother or sweetheart is not on the team. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Post was well represented by some fifteen members. Miss Keimer, Commander of the South End Post A. L., was a guest of the day.

Many of the ball players could be found at the Club next day nursing sore arms and praising the decisions of the umpires. The next time we hope to take notes of the game play by play, and if space does not permit to get it all in the DOINGS in one issue, we will put it in in installments.

—E. H. C.

HISTORY REPEATS

(*Continued from page 12*)

Again the official order of the decoration was read, and General Passaga, stepping up to Brig.-Gen. Alfred F. Foote, on the right of the line, placed around his neck the crimson ribbon and cross which denote the office of commander of the Legion of Honor. General Passaga then bestowed the accolade, having difficulty in finding space on General Foote's cheeks, which were largely taken up by the straps of his trench helmet.

Next came Col. Paul J. Norton. Captain Gacon had unfastened a button of Colonel Norton's shirt to make it easier for General Passaga to pin on the shirt the ribbon with rosette and cross denoting officer of the Legion of Honor. The ribbon is fastened to the breast of the shirt with a common safety pin.

Next came Maj. Thomas J. Hammond, Maj. Edward J. Connelly and Maj. James G. Brown, all officers of the old 104th, decorated for services with that regiment, with the grade of chevalier of the Legion of Honor. This is denoted by a crimson ribbon without rosette, and a cross.

HIS GOOD-BY TO VETERANS

After the review, when the dignitaries were leaving the stand to return to division headquarters, General Passaga left them to say a last good-by to his veterans. Apparently profoundly moved, the General spoke to the group through Captain Gacon.

"The General says," interpreted the captain, "that he is much stirred to be with you again. He has just seen a wonderful spectacle and he believes that the young soldiers are almost as worthy as the old. If necessary, he says, he is convinced that they would fight as bravely.

"The General feels that he and France owe a debt to you, who by your bravery and your blood brought victory to the Allied cause. At the bottom of his heart he will never forget you, nor will he forget this day. He thanks you and America for your many kindnesses, and permits me, who served with him and with you in the war, to thank you also for myself. The General says farewell."

OUTBURSTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly

(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

"H-er Comp."

Due to the amount of work involved in getting the necessary information concerning the burial place of our comrades who have departed, we have been unable to place a YD grave marker on each grave as we hoped to do. But this most important and solemn matter will be the first thing we will take up this fall, and we hope by October 1st to have a YD grave marker on all the graves of our comrades buried around Greater Boston.

JIM FEELEY, or rather, Lieut. Feeley, was the Battalion Mess Officer of the 2d Battalion of the 101st Inf. at Camp Devens this summer. We hope that Jim fed the boys plenty and came away with their good feelings—something that is pretty hard to get, regardless of how good you feed them.

We saw JOHN GLEASON'S name in the paper some time around July 4th. He was the district chairman of the 4th of July celebration in that township, but it seemed that something was missing inasmuch as we did not see his picture (see June issue of DOINGS, "H-er Comp." column).

We understand that CHARLIE PERELLI is going to France this fall. This is a good time to send any mail you may want and also to pay some of the cafe bills you owe. Charlie will see that the right party gets it—May be.

In regard to Charlie's trip back to France, we hope to have him get pictures of some of the old places and some of the inhabitants that were there when we were there.

—E. H. C.

103d INFANTRY ITEMS

CY THYNG (ex. Hdq. Co. and Supply Co.), of the Capitol Garage, Augusta, was a recent visitor to the big city of Rumford.

ENA CARRIER, formerly Regt. Sergt. Major of the 103d, leaves on August 6th with Mrs. Carrier for Europe. They will visit France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and Luxemburg before attending the Legion Convention in Paris. It will be a wonderful trip and one we would all like to take. Even money that Ena visits his old stamping ground, Liffolle-le-Grand.

LEONCE J. JOBIN, formerly color sergeant, is now managing the Rumford Furniture Co., of Rumford.

ERNEST MELENDY (Sgt., M. G. Co.) reports good luck on the brooks this year. Recently old "Flat Tire" hooked on to a dozen nice speckled beauties from 10" to 12", official measurement.

BILL ROACH (Co. B) is firing on the Maine Central. Bill has been recently shifted to the Farmington run, so he sees his old pals quite often these days.

TOM N. WEEKS (Medics) one of our esteemed pill rollers, is located in Skowhegan and is "Keeping the World Safe for Democracy" through his law office. Tom is an attorney in "Skow" and at present, he and Mrs. Weeks are receiving congratulations on the arrival of Martha Chase Weeks.

BILL ROACH recently sent in a lot of items from Company B, of Rumford. VERLE SWETT is working in the Post-Office. WALTER GLOVER, MERLE RICHARDSON (SCOTTY), and CHARLIE DORR are now "Agriculturists." WALLACE BUTTERFIELD (Sgt.) is getting more prosperous every day as he owns a big garage and has the Oldsmobile Agency.

ALSON LE PLANT, FREDDY RICHARDS and ROBERT DUGAY are at the Continental Paper Bag Co. EDWARD MCNEIL, shipping clerk, JOSEPH GOODFELLOW, assistant master mechanic, and ALPHEY (PUNK) POULIN, paper maker, are also with that concern.

JOHN PARADIS, LEON MARSTON, "JILL" ARSENAULT, BILL QUIMBY and HENRI LEFEBRE are all with the Oxford Paper Co. Henri is a 1st Lt. in Company B, M. N. G.

SETH STANWOOD is in the lumber game. EMILE ROY is clerking in one of the Rumford shops. EDDIE SUTTON is an auto mechanic. Remember how busy Eddie used to keep the M. P.'s? Speaking of M. P.'s, ex-Mess Sgt. JOHN SYLVESTER is on the State Police Force and is a motor cop.

MIKE NELLIGAN and ARCHIE KENNARD are located in Detroit with one of the big motor car companies.

EDWARD (SLEEPY) JACQUES is manager of the Eastern Dairy Co.

ULRIC BOUFFARD (Supply Sgt.) is now Yard Master with the Maine Central R. R. HARRY RUFF (ex-Premier Sgt.), CHESTER HARDY (now a 2d Lt.) and Sgt. JOSEPH FLAHERTY are all conductors on the Maine Central.

WALTER DRAPER is "braking" and AMEDIE FOURNIER is attached to the "Maintenance and Ways Dept," for rations and pay.

101st Engineers, Co. A, please note: DONALD A. HUNT, ex-cook, Company A and Train, is now located in Brunswick, Maine. Donald is a "Dairyman" and has a fine flock of contented cows which give nothing but cream.

The 103d Regiment, Maine National Guard, goes to camp the last two weeks of July at Augusta, so we will try and have some more news.

Please send all notes to E. K. HALE, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

—E. K. H.

OUTING OF THE 101st M. G. BATTALION

We are indebted to ERNEST C. CLARK, of Hartford, Connecticut, for the following notes on the Annual Summer outing of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion Association, which took place at the Oswegatchie House on June 25th.

"The ball game was won by B company, plus the umpire. There were about fifty present in spite of the fact that very short notice was given. The outing was a Howl-

ing success with beaucoup 'vin rouge' and no Vermonters present. (Whether the success was due to the abundance of pinard or the scarcity of Vermonters is not stated.)

"A short story by 'SNAPPER' COMERFORD and a shorter one by BRACKEN enlivened the mess hour, followed by several songs which the censor would never pass, even in 'What Price Glory.' This was the first outing at which the African National Pastime was not resorted to for amusement.

" 'COPE' NOLAN was conspicuous by his absence. Captain PHIL WAINWRIGHT, of Troop C, and Captain STAN TRACY, of Troop D, Conn., N. G., were both with us. National Guard Air Service was represented by Lt. ERNIE CLARK. Many of the boys have reserve commissions."

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

LOU COURTER, D. S. C. (Co. C) whose home is in Philadelphia, was up this way for a few days in the latter part of June. He and Mrs. Courter spent four days with RUSS BARLOW, TED HARRIS and ROY KNOX and their wives at a camp in Northwood, N. H. Returning to Boston, the entire party paid a visit to General Edwards at his home in Westwood. They tell enthusiastically of the great time they had there. The General showed them his famous "dugout" and, in fact, gave them the key to the entire premises.

GEORGE WASHINGTON TWOMBLY, Treasurer of Signal Corps Veterans Association, Associate Editor of YANKEE DOINGS, former President of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, and the World's Champion week-ender, letter-writer, and telephone-addict, is, at the present writing, contributing to the revenue of French railroads, and possibly, the French cafes and other places of business. Our own and only G. W. sailed from New York on the S.S. "Volendam" for Rotterdam on Saturday, June 11. He expected to be back some time in August. Just what his schedule was to be on the other side of the pond, we regret to say, is unknown to us. Neufchateau is the only port of call that we know definitely he intended to visit. That he was able to start at all speaks well for his powers of recuperation. At a little "bon voyage" dinner tendered to him by some of the boys a few days before he sailed, true YD hospitality prevailed somewhat to the detriment of George's iron constitution. The conspirators present at this historic affair were: AL BARNARD (101st Inf.), BILL SNYDER (Div. Hdqtrs.), BILL BROWN (101st F. S. Bn.), ELLIOTT TOZER (101st F. S. Bn.), and PHIL SANBORN (101st Engrs.).

BATTERY B REUNION, 101st F. A.

The 10th Annual Reunion of the old outfit was held on June 18th at Camp Masphne, at Monument Beach on Cape Cod. Through the courtesy of Mr. Michael Murray, a resident of Newton and a great friend of the battery, and after a lot of hard work on the part of Levi Libbey, a committee decided to hold the party in this secluded place for various reasons. The reasons were well founded as all who attended will quite agree.

The gang all met *on time* with the exception of BUNG LONG, at Arlington St. and Commonwealth Ave., and what a ride two motorcycle cops gave us out of the city. At Mattapan, the cops left us after making sure there was nothing in the cars which would violate a well known law, and we then proceeded on our way. The line of fifteen cars loaded (with buddies) was headed by our old skipper, SINNY WEEKS. As usual, he was on the job and the success of this turnout is due to his hard work. He worked day and night to put this over and would not take *no* for an answer from anyone, unless it meant life or death. At Monument Beach, a one-lunged motor boat towed the sober crowd over to the island. A real clam bake was in the making and what a job was done on that meal. Then the hardest worker in the camp, LEVI LIBBEY, assigned bunks while it was daylight and while everybody could find their billet.

At nine o'clock, everybody gathered at the mess hall where Major Cooper showed his movies taken in France, of our outfit and others. It was a mighty interesting lecture and all of those who were able to hear the Major and see the pictures enjoyed it immensely. The pictures he will show next year will be more interesting. They were taken on the spot and we are now working for a special showing for the benefit of BILL DELANEY, BILL DOWLING and FRANK GAW. Ask them why!

The one and only JOE BOYER was there. He did not have the trench coat which made the war famous, but the chew and cigar butt was much in evidence. Everybody was glad to see Joe, but ANDY LLOYD tucked him in bed shortly after midnight—and he was glad to go. MORRIS SHAY and Joe were inseparable up until this time. Our good old friends, Lt. DUNCAN and Lt. LUSCOMBE, were very much in evidence. They had a good time and went away well pleased. We were honored with the presence of Gen. SHERBURNE and our first skipper, Col. FISH. Our guardian angels of the old days received a great welcome but only one such as they deserved.

It was a great night—some slept and some didn't. But, who cares—everybody had one great time.

Eggs and bacon in the morning served by the only two cooks in the A. E. F., PICK MARCHANT and TOMMY FLEMMING, under the trained eye of MIKE MCLAUGHLIN. And at noon, the first boat left for the mainland when the rain started to fall.

A week-end well spent. Those who missed it had better start saving for next year as absolutely no excuses will go. Everybody from far and near must attend. The real brotherly love spirit created through our war associations is still present and this is the only way this spirit can be carried on.

"THE B BATTERY COMMITTEE"

ENGINEER ENTRIES

101st ENGINEER WELFARE ASSOCIATION

At the Annual Meeting held June 6th, the following officers were elected: Mrs. Corabelle Francis, *President;* Miss Lucy H. Taylor, *Vice-President*; Mrs. Frank S. Coburn, *Recording Secretary*; Miss Charlotte M. Flynn, *Corresponding Secretary*; Mrs. George E. Parsons, *Treasurer.* The Nominating Committee consisted of Mrs. Frank S.

Rogers, *Chairman*; Mrs. Lillian Cathcart, Miss Rosamond Spalding, Mrs. E. J. MacMullen, Mrs. Augusta Small, Miss Alberta Fletcher, Mrs. Robert G. Campbell, Sr.

The first meeting in September will be "Dollar Day."

Mrs. C. G. Francis sailed on July 1st for a three months' trip to Europe, as noted in last month's DOINGS.

ANTICS OF "A"

Now that I've got MacMillan well on the way to the icy regions, I will look for my picture in YANKEE DOINGS. I was the man in the brown derby. Anyway, he sailed off in his little boat from here on Saturday and the weather here ought to have been Arctic enough to satisfy him.

Incidentally, here's some A Company news.

I stopped in Portland on my way up and saw JESSE MOODY. Report had it that he had become several times stouter since we saw him in France, but all I noticed was that he had the same genial good nature that we remember, and gave me a cordial welcome and a plate of the best Ice Cream in New England. He runs the Deerings Ice Cream plant. It is a short block from the railroad station, so any of his old pals will find it convenient to run in on him. He is most glad to see all his old friends.

JIMMIE CONLEY has severed his connections with the Schulte Cigar Company, and is now spending his leisure time at the Portland post-office.

JACK CROWLEY is somewhere in Portland, but I failed to locate him as I had little time coming through.

"RED" WILLIAMS had joined the navy again. His home is in Old Orchard. He was recently seen in Portland looking like the same old Red.

GEORGE SHACKLEY is engaged in building roads in Maine. Lives at Shapley, Me.

FRED DUNFIELD is selling trunks at the Boston Store in Portland.

WALTER GRANT has recently built a house for himself and family. He has a job at the Portland Terminal, Maine Central R. R.

FRED SHEPPARD helps to run the Star Laundry at Brunswick.

JACK CROWLEY jumps around like a flea and can never be located when wanted. He was recently seen in Portland and said to be working in a candy store but said candy store, when found, had never heard of him.

HYPIE ROWE is lending his aid to the Sanford Bank.

FRANK MCCANN has left the Town Clerk's chair and is now handling the Chrysler car in Sanford.

ALMY BOSTON still finds his employment at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. He lives at Kittery. His brother, ERNEST, is working on the new bridge at Bath. —L. B. C.

CAPERS OF "C"

The third outing at Old Orchard was a success, as usual.

Maine was very well represented, particularly from Lewiston and Auburn with the attendance of OTIS STEWART, LACOURSE, DIONNE, WILLIE BOULAY and the same old "SAW SAW" SAMPSON. Ambassador TED MACDONALD came down from Mechanic Falls.

One of the great side-lights of this time was the showing up of our old skipper, HAROLD HADLEY and MAL CHESLEY, who both agreed they have missed something in the past and will be with us more in the future.

After the banquet Saturday night, the fellows made for various parts of the beach, some having gone "obsolete" altogether. Most of the gang found what they liked at the dancing pavilion, but all showed back at the cottages in the wee hours to gossip for a while.

SLIM GORDON returned to his room to find somebody in his bed, but after removing the cap, it proved to be only a well-constructed dummy.

PETE MCGARVEY, BOB LAWRENCE, and MACALMAN get the Croix De Danvers for swimming and bucking the tides Sunday morning and the other award of Medal De Travel goes to WALLIE HILL for distance. A few other citations were given for the repulses in the attack of Morpheus on Sunday morning.

Several motions were made and passed by C Company Association, which were as follows: A Y. D. V. A. gravemarker and an Engineer History be presented to the parents of all the deceased. This met with great approval.

It is the wish of the Association that members who have not paid their dues as yet, please send such to LINDLEY BOND in care of Home Savings Bank at 75 Tremont Street, Boston, C Company Association.

HENRY STORM added much to the Association by giving us the sidelights on the Company book, which were very interesting. Henry has spent much labor on it and has made a very good job of it.

All were content and that is all that matters.

BILL BEATTIE and MAL SMITH are very busy these days. Bill is packing away furs for Filene's and Mal is on a big job of surveying in Watertown.

LINDLEY BOND, we understand, attended the Bankers' Convention in the middle west recently.

SMITH was handy with his Pinaud's hair tonic, Sunday morning. It covered a multitude of errors.

AUBURN and LEWISTON SECTION. The following news is due to the good work of our old buddie, BILL LACOURSE, who gives us a good account of some of the fellows we have been anxious to hear from for many a day.

ED. BARTLETT is in the restaurant business and doing very well. The appetities are always good up where Ed. is, who, by the way, is a proud papa.

WILLIE BOULAY, whom few of us have seen in years, is employed by the Journal printshop. He is also a papa and is falling away to a ton.

BOUVIER drives a Gulf Refining Gas truck and in his spare time takes his little baby girl out for a walk.

DIONNE, who used to be EARL KENT'S interpreter and the connoisseur for the company on wines, etc., is still in Auburn and is also a papa.

OTIS STEWART is at the Courtland House in Auburn.

OSCAR STEWART is still in the Government forces, this time as a rural mail carrier way "Down East."

TASH is around and sees the boys occasionally.

NIFTY FORTIN has taken himself to the more remote spots. Nifty has gone back to farming, probably to train mules for the next war.

HERRICK is testing out the cement in different parts of Maine. CORTEZ is now a chauffeur and a "good y'un too."

HOWARD is with the Berry Paper Co. and looks as if he will never see a doctor again. He is also a chauffeur.

CHUMMY MOUIR is always around. Chummy is enjoying single blessedness much the contrary of our other compatriots up there.

RODRIQUE is clerking on the same job.

In the late mails news of MOLERSTROM, who has been salesman for a Boston company in Dallas, Texas. Molly wishes he could make it by June, but it is one long way and he sends his best wishes and in the meantime will await the news of same with eagerness.

In the same mail comes news from our old friend, BERT FLEMING, who leaves soon for a trip to Paris, France. This time Bert will see it right and we don't blame him.

Strange, but true, there is one more in the name of BINNER who asks to be remembered to all. Binny is at the Veteran's Bureau Hospital, No. 72 and is located way out in Helena, Montana.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to AUSTIN T. BUNKER and wife, who was Miss Margaret Phillips Woodberry. They were married at Somerville, where they were both living. The wedding took place May the 14th.

Captain HAROLD HADLEY, we are told, is with the Walker Ice Co., at Worcester, Mass.

DOINGS OF "D"

Out of the money collected at the armory last April, a very handsome wreath of flowers was purchased and used to decorate the new square named in memory of our old departed comrade, ELMER N. BUSWELL.

We know no one will believe it, but reliable information comes to us that our once Mess Sergeant LYMAN took the examination for a job with the Prohibition Enforcement Department.

BOB SINGLETON is the proud father of a girl.

BILL MCKEON and BOB TURNER have both recently taken up double harness.

Our hats off to the Norwood bunch. The reunion was a great success, the best ever. About sixty of the old company reported at the Norwood Civic Club early in the afternoon, and from then on to eight o'clock the Committee kept things moving quickly.

There were games of all kinds, including a tug-of-war and baseball. Some of the crowd tried the swimming pool and a few, tennis. A short Company meeting was held, when JOHNNY RUSSELL was elected President; YOULDEN, Secretary; and EDDY WALKER, Treasurer, for the next year, after which a group picture was taken. The dinner was superb, the finest chicken and everything to go with it and plenty of it. During dinner there were songs and music by talent arranged by the Norwood boys. Everyone had a great time and it certainly filled a lonesome spot in each man's heart to see and talk with his own comrades once more. Can any bond be stronger to tie men together than that of having shared the drills, marches, combat, good times and bad times of our Service together over there?

—E. F. W.

FANCIES OF "F"

At the last smoker at the Club, the members of F Company who were present were happily surprised upon finding WILLIAM D. (TINK) FORD, who was making a flying trip to Boston from the Pacific coast. He and his brother covered the distance by automobile in two weeks stopping at several places on the way. They had the rear of the car fixed up so that one could sleep while the other drove and they kept rolling along night and day. Tink tells one interesting anecdote of the trip. It seems they lost the road and at evening were about fifty miles from where they should have been. Asking directions of one of the natives, they were told to cut directly across country, keeping the North Star as a guide until they struck the main road. This they did having to cut down two barbed wire fences and eventually coming out on the highway just where they intended. By the time that you are reading this, Tink will be back in Los Angeles.

DARRAGH HIGGINS, formerly of Middleboro, is working in the sales department of the Sturtevant Company of Hyde Park and is living temporarily in Quincy.

BOB MILLAR, as noted under "Congratulations," is now a proud daddy, a little girl having arrived at his house on June 24th. This puts Bob two points ahead of his old pal, AL DAY, who is yet to get a wife, not to mention children.

The illustrious artist whose work has become famous through YANKEE DOINGS, namely "POP" PALMSTROM, with his wife and three young replacements is spending a month at Long Beach, Gloucester. We paid him a call one night recently and feel free to say that true F Company hospitality is not confined to F Company men only. Mrs. "Pop" made a charming hostess and made us feel that she was one of the boys.

Our old top kick, LEW FLANDERS, has run into some more hard luck. He is laid up again with his bum leg at the Trumbull Hospital in Brookline. REDFIELD, who has been to see him several times, gives a description of the network of weights and pulleys which the medicos have attached to the unfortunate leg. LEW still retains his usual good spirits and is always pleased to see any one of the boys. Try to make him a call when you can.

Anyone having information of the burial place of ELLSWORTH MCPHEE, JOSEPH PURCHLA, or Sgt. LANGHORST will please communicate the same to L. H. REDFIELD, care Old Colony Trust, 19 Court Street, Boston.

CARLTON DAY, one of the boys whom we have seen but rarely since army days, has been located. A clipping from the *Boston Globe* informs us that he has been promoted to pilot of the S. S. "Old Colony" of the Nantasket Beach Steamboat Co., with whom he has served seven years as Quartermaster.

The sad death of "Cap'n EDDIE" at his home in Brookline on July 7, came as a personal loss to every man in our company and E Company. He will always be remembered by us as a true friend, a courageous soldier and an upright gentleman. A brief biographical sketch and a few words in memory of him will be found elsewhere in this issue. At the funeral, which was held on Sunday, July 10, from the Church of our Savior in Brookline, about sixty men from E and F companies were present, many coming from a long distance. Interment was at Mt. Auburn.

LEA REDFIELD, BURT DEARBORN, and ELMER CASEY are among the F Company boys making the Legion trip to Paris this autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. LESTER V. GROCOTT announce the arrival of a son.

HENRY "MONTY" MONTGOMERY has been found at the ship yard in Thomaston, Maine. —P. N. S.

MEMOS OF MEDICOS

GEORGE NEVINS is a prosperous dentist in Boothbay Harbor. He is happily married, has a beautiful baby. Business must be good with George because he runs one of the snappiest cars in Boothbay and is also building a bungalow on one of the handsomest sites in the section.

LYMAN COZZENS was last heard from in Austin, Texas.

—L. B. C.

A. P. O. 709

Lieutenant-Colonel ARTHUR W. DESMOND (101st Inf.) was recently promoted to Colonel of the new 101st Infantry, M. N. G.

Major FRANCIS V. LOGAN (51st Inf., Brig. Hdqtrs.) succeeds Desmond as Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment.

AL LEONARDI (Batt. C, 101st F. A.) who has been playing a slashing game at third base for Tufts all season, reached the climax of his season's career in the Harvard game which Tufts won 16-4. In this game AL is credited in the box score with five hits in five times at bat, an average of 1,000, and is also recorded with one putout and two assists to his credit. Needs these old graybeards to keep up the morale of the kids.

Will any former member of the 102d Infantry who knows any of the particulars of the death of Private IRVING E. LINES (102d Inf.), who was killed in the Seicheprey engagement on April 21, 1918, communicate with YANKEE DOINGS. It seems there is no record of the body ever having been recovered, and the relatives of the deceased are anxious to follow any possible clue.

Captain FRANCIS X. PHELAN (101st Inf.) has been promoted to the rank of Major and placed in command of the 2d Battalion, 101st Infantry, M. N. G.

JACK DATSON (B Company, 101st Engineers) is now a Battery Commander in the Rhode Island Coast Artillery.

TAPS

The death of FRANCIS H. DOUGHERTY (103d F. A.), of Portland, Maine, was reported recently. The funeral was well attended by members of the Portland Club, the pallbearers all being former YD men.

RALPH DURKEE, formerly of the 103d Infantry, died at the Rutland Hospital on Wednesday, July 6, 1927.

The funeral was from his home, 128 Hamilton Street, Dorchester, on Saturday, July 9.

CAPTAIN EDWIN M. BRUSH, formerly Commanding Officer of E Company and F Company, 101st Engineers, died on Thursday, July 7, at his home, 9 Hawes Street, Brookline, Mass., following a long illness. The funeral was held from the Church of our Savior in Brookline on Sunday, July 10. See account elsewhere in this issue.

ALBERT M. BUTCHER, formerly of the 101st Supply Train, died recently in Concord, Massachusetts.

CONGRATULATIONS

On Sunday, June 12, ALDEN BLAKE PARSONS (101st F. A.) was married to Miss Betty Oster at Phoenix, Arizona.

WILLIAM J. MULHALL (Division Headquarters) and Mrs. Mulhall, announce the arrival of a baby girl, born on Friday, July 1, 1927.

A baby girl, weighing 8½ pounds, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT MILLAR (Company F, 101st Engineers) on Friday, June 24th.

HUGH ROBERTSON (101st F. A.) was recently married to Miss Margaret A. Dale. The ceremony took place at the Church of Our Saviour, East Milton, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. LESTER V. GROCOTT announce the arrival of a baby boy.

"DIABLO" TAKES A LITTLE TRIP

(Continued from Page 25)

misdemeanor. I do not say that displaying the emblem will insure you to the extent that you may break all the laws of the Nation and expect the officer to pass it over simply because you happen to be a YD man, but I can assure you that it will be the best expenditure you can make before you go on your vacation this summer. Doors that otherwise would remain closed to you open sesame, and the floodgates of reminiscence it will open is astounding.

If you are a type such as I, you will never be happy until a bunch of the old boys surround you and regale with you in memories, some true and some impossible, (but what of it). I can safely say there is not an ex-soldier in the world today who does not love to enlarge upon some deed of renown in which he assisted. When the gray hairs come a creeping, then the stories will take on more and more of the impossible, and with all respect to the old boys of the G. A.R., I must say this in closing, "If we can go half way in keeping up with some of the stories I have heard from members of the G. A. R., Munchausen, the father of all Ananiases, will turn over in his grave and wonder why he died so soon." So, cheerio, boys, get a YD marker for the car as you will be a long time dead, and the joy of living is doubled by the friendships you will make and the happy hours you will spend in distant climes with former buddies who otherwise would pass you by —"DIABLO"

DON'T FORGET
THE BACK COVER
IT'S GETTING NEARER

A FEW WALNUTS

(*Continued from Page 14*)

moving up at once," shouted Sergeant Curtain. "Never mind reporting now, we'll take care of that later."

Packs rolled, equipment inspection, and within an hour we were hiking down the road, and soon came upon a long line of French Camions, into which we piled and went buzzing up the road. No one seemed to know where we were going, but they seemed in a great rush to get us there.

Whenever I hear anyone complain of packing 40 men into a freight car, I feel like asking them if they were ever packed into one of those camions with full equipment. We bounced and bounded over the roads until I thought we were out in the middle of the "Big Pond" dodging subs. After riding for about six hours we dismounted from our "pullmans" and began hiking into dense woods. Soon we came upon French and American soldiers, but as silence was the order could not get a chance to find out where we were. In Indian file we went forward and finally entered a ravine and began following it to its source.

We knew we were uncomfortably close to the front as through the trees occasionally could see Very lights and hear the drumming of machine guns, interrupted now and then by heavier explosions of artillery. After walking for about two miles we came out into a little grove and fell out. The Sergeants were called up forward and after a whispered session came back and Curtain broke the news.

"Men, we are going in up front, taking over the line for the Second Division. Guides will soon be here, so get as much rest as you can."

We had not rested more than ten minutes when the guides arrived and back into the ravine we went, and sliding and slipping in the mud soon began to leave the woods behind and enter open country.

Whiz! Crash, boom!

Shells began flopping all around us and cries of wounded men began to punctuate the darkness. After what seemed a lifetime, we reached our objective and took over the line from the boys who wasted no time in quitting the post.

"Sergeant Curtain," softly called Lieutenant Burns, "get a patrol of 15 men ready and we will go out and look over the outposts."

"Corporal Munn, Corporal Sherrill, get your squads together," called our Sergeant, and weary as we were we dumped our surplus equipment and gathered at the ladder over which we had to go to get into the wire.

Lieutenant Burns leading us, we crept softly through the wire and visited the three outposts and then started to look over our wire defenses, when suddenly, a "Jerry" machine gun opened up and down went Burns and three others. We flopped and waited for a resumption of the fire, but as it did not recur, concluded it was just a chance shot that had fell on us. I crawled over to the Lieutenant and found him to be in tough shape with a bullet in his left shoulder and a shattered knee cap.

Lifting him up between a couple of huskies we snaked him back as best we could to our lines with the other boys who fortunately were only nicked. At last we got to the trench, handed him down and first-aid men looked over his wounds, tagged him, and upon a stretcher started him back for the clearing station. We were sitting around talking over the little mess we had fallen into.

"Hey, Mumps," whispered Printiss, who was dog-robbing for the Lieutenant. "The 'Lewt' wants to see you, Mart and Joe before they take him back, get them together and hustle over before they start."

With remembrances of that little session we had with this officer before, we made our way over to where he lay on a stretcher.

"Come close, men," said the Lieutenant. "They got me quick, but before I am evacuated I want to leave something with you that I hope you won't regret. Just remember this, that you are members of A Company and not B. Now good luck and I hope to be back with you soon."

"Well, Mart, what do you think of that, he knew us all the time and was playing dumb. Well he is a good scout, even if he does look like a ninety-day wonder. Took some grit to keep from uttering a sound with his knee smashed up like that," I remarked to my companions.

"He's O. K." said Joe. "But there is one thing he will never do. He will never come back to this outfit with that leg. Well, let's turn in, and see what this burg looks like in the g. m., one of those birds we relieved told me we were going to push out through here and if that is the case, give me plenty of sleep."

"Yup, that hits me good," spoke up Martin. "Look at that 'plane up there. How I wish I was in it."

"Shut up, you crazy mut, that's a Jerry Plane," growled Curtain, standing close by. "Were you the guys that brought those walnuts into the billet?"

"Who said so?" asked Martin.

"No one, but what was the Lieutenant talking to you fellows about?" persisted our questioner.

"I'll tell you," spoke up Joe, "He is going to recommend Munn and me for decorations when he comes back."

"Decorations, hell!" barked Curtain, "If I thought it was you birds that caused all that commotion the other night, I would decorate you plenty. Get to bed, and get what sleep you can, and cut out the gassing."

As we lay in a hole in the earth dozing just before dawn, Joe spoke up.

"Curtain is damn sore because he can't find out what the Lieutenant wanted. Oh, boy, wouldn't he just love to know who brought those walnuts in."

"Get to sleep, you mutt, and forget walnuts," I replied, but my thoughts were far away. Soon healthy snores could be heard and we were dreaming of other things than walnuts.

P. S.—These are fictitious names, but I do hope that the Sergeant mentioned will read this and then one of the mysteries will be explained as I know he continually worries about it. He now lives in Worcester, and perhaps if he reads very closely he will recognize the principals as this is a true incident.

ALMOST THERE NOW!

NOW!

CLOSE THE COVER

FOR

THE MOST IMPORTANT

ITEM

OF

THE

WHOLE

DARN

WORKS!

YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

2,000 MEN HAVE GIVEN
25,000 MEN HAVE NOT

2,000 PRESENT OR ACCOUNTED FOR
(Are you one of these?)

25,000 A. W. O. L.
(Or are you one of these?)

Many have given who could ill afford to
Thousands have not who can well afford to

$20,000 HAS BEEN RAISED
$55,000 MORE IS NEEDED

No shame attaches to being late
If "One Day's Pay" is too much, give what you can
But—Give—Now!

Our memorial will be erected!
Shall 10% have all the credit?
Or will 100% do their share?

$2.00 from each man assures success
Do your lost comrades mean nothing?
Are "Pride of Division" empty words?
What ails you anyway?

YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

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